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For four short years we've been with thee,
Through sadness and through jollity.
How swift and sure have fled the hours
Since that first day we called thee ours!
How gay and thoughtless were we then!
How careless we have often been!
And looking back we now regret
That we so little joy did get.
From what was for our good, I know,
If we had only seen it so!
Full oft have we our studies slighted
When we some fairer pleasures sighted,
But all the tasks we once despised
Now they are past, become most prized.
And thou, O Schoolhouse, once so drear,
Hath suddenly become most dear.
And as we think of leaving thee
A sadness mingles with our glee.
Farewell, Old School, we'll think of thee
With tenderest love where'er we be.

MABEL KISER, '15.

THE ROSEBUD

Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen

Being the Fourth Annual Published by the Waterloo High School

GRADATIM.

Following in the footsteps of our worthy predecessors, we, the class of nineteen hundred and fifteen, proudly and gladly submit this fourth annual of the Waterloo High School as a slight token of our humble efforts.

This Annual represents an untiring effort on the part of the Rosebud staff and others, to make a good thing out of a few photos of many familiar faces, together with a few sentences of the English Language. We have found and overcome all sorts of difficulties in the attempt.

We wish to extend sincere thanks to the members of the faculty, who have so kindly advised us; to our fellow-students, for their valuable co-operation; to the business men of Waterloo and vicinity, for their financial support; and to our many subscribers, who have shown an interest in the school.

And in this frame of mind, we submit our finished efforts, with the sincere hope that it will come up to your expectations. Read every word of it, or you might pass by just the thing that would most interest you.

*TO OUR SCHOOL
And to all those who have
Made it possible
This Fourth Annual of the
Waterloo High School
Is Respectfully Dedicated*

THE MANUFACTURERS OF THE ROSEBUD.

Editor-in-Chief.....Edythe Widdicombe
Assistant Editor.....Mabel Kiser

Business Staff

Business Manager.....Virgil Johnson
Circulation Manager.....Ethel Girardot

Art and Music

Louise Willis	Joe Bowman
Daisy Brown	Lynn Arthur

All Sorts

Marie Brown	Lynn Crooks
Alice Ridge	Robert Reynolds

Jokes

Vera Dilgard	Estelle Wiltrot
Vera Nodine	Lydia Wines

Literary

Maude Zonker	Charles Colby
Ethel Baker	Darrel Smith

Athletics

Carroll Gushwa	Arthur Smith
Howard Dilgard	Charles McIntosh

Calendar

Lotta McGiffin	Fred Eberly
Clarence Bowers	Wilma Thomas

Literary Societies

Ciceronian:	Zedalethean:
Elmer Fretz	Helen Goodwin

Society

Helen Goodwin

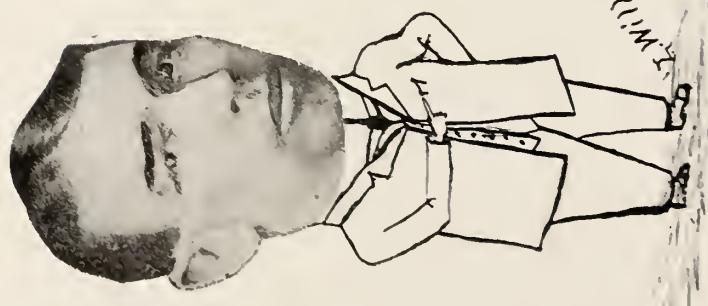
Class Organizations

Mabelle Bevier

Alumni

Mabel Kiser

FACULTY



THE FACULTY



A. L. MOODY, Superintendent
B. S. 1911 Tri-State
Special Work Columbia University



MISS MILDRED KROFT, A. B.
Indiana University



G. E. ROOP, A. B.
Blue Ridge College, Md.



MISS FLORENCE WILLIAMS
Graduate School of Economics and Dietetics,
Battle Creek, Mich.
Domestic Science



MISS MARION CRARY
Graduate Academy Fine Arts, Chicago
Music and Art



MISS ETTA WITTMER
Seventh and Eighth Grades



MISS ETHEL HALLETT
Fifth and Sixth Grades



MISS BLANCHE SMITH
Fourth Grade



MISS MABEL DEUBENER
Second and Third Grades



MISS MADGE ROSE
Primary Department

SENIORS

Carroll J. Guevara

Elmer F. Frey

Helen Giovanni

Louise Willis

Etre Girardot

Mabel Bevier

Edythe Widdicombe

Vera Dilgard "Pete"

Virgil Johnson "Virg."

Ruth Aaternan "Natey"

Lottie McMillin "Mac"

Marie Brown

Maude Zonker

Mabel Kiser



CONCERNING THE SENIORS.

We will first put our readers in a good humor by placing before them the pictures of the Seniors, surrounded by a very artistic panel—at least that is the general opinion—and looking very much as they did when they had their pictures taken over in Schermerhorn's studio.

They number just exactly fourteen and are full of wit, good humor, and originality. But one glance at them will convince you of the truth of this, rather than mere words.

So please look them over, and think what you please about their virtues, both good and bad, because they're accustomed to compliments of every variety and know how to appreciate them as they deserve.



VIRGIL JOHNSON

"Long shall we seek his likeness—long in vain,
And turn to all of him which
may remain,

Sighing that nature formed
but one such man."

"Virg" began his famous career in North Carolina. He has from the first been very popular and has filled many offices in the W. H. S. with entire satisfaction to everyone. He has served three years as a member of Company K of the National Guard of Indiana. Gifted with great executive powers, he has done very valuable service in piloting the class thru many perils, in the role of Business Manager.

ETHEL GIRARDOT

"Her modesty is a candle
to her merit."

Ethel, our noble President, has been with the class since its beginning in the primary room, and has finally obtained the place she so rightly deserves. She always turns to her lessons with a will good to see, and uncomplainingly does any work assigned her, either by teachers or literary society. Her modest nature has won for her many warm friends.

MABEL KISER

"Her brain is the seat of conscious mastery."

Mabel came from Penn. several years ago and graduated from this school in the Eighth grade. She was one of our speakers in our victorious debate over Albion. She has been a student in the King's School of Oratory in Penn., and her dramatic powers are a great help to both class and society. She has always been an excellent student and her Senior year found her our validictorian.

LOUISE WILLIS

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?"

Louise is one of the most loyal and efficient members of the Senior class. She has done fine work in music and art, and to her is due much of the credit for the entertainment attending all our social functions. She is an excellent tennis player and has so many remarkable qualities that we expect great things of her in the future.

MAUDE ZONKER

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind."

Maude has the tricks of a treasurer down to a fine point, and her term of office marks a most successful year for the class. Besides being a worker, she is prominent socially and very few High School affairs are given at which she is not present. We are proud to think of her as our Salutatorian and are sure that she cannot be anything but successful as a school teacher.

MARIE BROWN

"To get the full value of joy, you must have somebody to divide it with."

Marie is really a Hoosier maid, but she has lived several months in the State of Washington. She is frank in sneaking her mind but changes it so often that no one can get offended. She is always loyally present at class meetings and always has something to say. She once joined a bachelor girls' club, but we are afraid we shall lose her, hence the quotation above.



ELMER FRETZ

"Type of the wise who soar,
but never roam."

"Hen," a great favorite in the Senior class, began his noble existence on a farm near Auburn. Ever since then he has been clamoring for his rights. He seldom talks, but when he does, he always says something worth while. His jovial disposition makes it very easy for one to become acquainted with him. Truly, "Twill take a mighty man to fill his place."

EDYTHE WIDDICOMBE

"If all the joys of life should die,
She'd smile 'ere she would
heave a sigh."

Edythe came to us from New York, and entered our class late in the Freshman year. She soon convinced us that she was a willing student and won our admiration and respect. She seldom gets angry, and is liked by all who know her. She has held several offices in the class, and is now our capable Editor-in-Chief. Her services to the class surely cannot be overestimated.

VERA DILGARD

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill
a cat,
And therefore let's be
merry."

"Pete," the nicest bunch of joy in the Senior Class, began her worthy existence near Auburn. She graduated with honors from the Eighth grade in New Mexico and now takes part in all class celebrations, working willingly for the good of the class. Her specialty is that of making life a pleasure for those about her. Truly, and very truly it can be said she is no pessimist.

HELEN GOODWIN

"So did she travel over Life's
common way
That she spread joy and sun-
shine like a day in May."

Helen, a merry maid, was born on a farm west of Waterloo, and is now one of the most popular girls of the W. H. S. She is quite prominent in class affairs, and always does faithfully the work assigned her. Altho the greater part of her affection is bestowed elsewhere, she still has some left for the class. She always has a good word for everybody and is well liked by everyone.



CARROLL GUSHWA

"No sinner, nor no Saint, perhaps,
But—well, the very best of chaps."

"Gush," a youth of noble mein and stature, fittingly embodies the spirit of the class. He is always on hand when there is anything to be done, from moving the piano to making contributions to the class treasury. He hails from Corunna and succeeds in making that little city rather lively at times. He is popular in athletic circles and is especially famed for his skill in tennis. He is also noted for not being absent nor tardy for 13 years.

RUTH WATERMAN

"A lassie mixed of such fine qualities
That were all beauty and virtue dead
She'd make them newly, being what she is."

Ruth, the youngest member of our class, came among us late in the Senior year. Her home is in Hamilton, where she spent three and a half years of her High School course. We found her an excellent student and a jolly companion, and she soon became a favorite of the class. She expects to teach school next year, and we wish her the greatest possible success.

LOTTA McGIFFIN

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety"

Lotta hails from Corunna, and is very proud of her home town. She is the life of the class and her witty sayings usually come at the most unexpected moments. One scarcely knows whether to take her in earnest or not, but it is generally safer not to do so. She finds pleasure in dealing out good-natured sarcasm to everyone. Altogether, we do not know how the Class of '15 could get along without her.

MABELLE BEVIER

"A winsome lass with winning ways."

Maybelle is justly proud that she was born and reared in the city of Waterloo. She is one of our most amiable students, and cheerfulness certainly waits upon her. She has a ready wit at her command, and likes to be merry, but this does not keep her from preparing her lessons. At one time famed for her giggles, she has now for some unaccountable reason settled down to quiet industry.



CLASS OFFICERS.

President Ethel Girardot
Vice-President.....Edythe Widdicombe
Sec. and Treas.....Maude Zonker
Historian Helen Goodwin
Poetess Louise Willis
Sergeant at Arms.....Elmer Fretz

Motto:

And Then?

Colors:

Nile Green and White

Flower:

Purple Violets

A TOAST.

Here's to the night of Commencement,
With all its sorrows and joys;
Our hearts are full of contentment,
That the goal is reached at last.
'Tis the object of our energies
In the four years that are past.
Four years—'tis a day; in the end
Something has been accomplished,
If we have only made a friend.
Our hearts are filled with sorrow
That these hours with our classmates
Shall be dead and gone forever.
It's now good-bye to every one,
The past is gone, our life's begun.

SENIOR CLASS WILL.

We, the Senior Class of the Waterloo High School, in the County of De Kalb, and State of Indiana, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make our last will and testament in the manner and form following, making void all such instruments as have been drawn by us heretofore.

First, we give, devise and bequeath to the Juniors of aforesaid School, their heirs and assigns forever, the following:

(1) Virgil P. Johnson, member of the testating party, wills to the first Junior who shall appear at said school the First morning of school after our

decease, all rights, real, personal, and mixed of any nature and kind whatsoever, to the seat and desk in the northeast corner of the assembly room of aforesaid school.

(2) Mabelle Bevier, also member of testating party, bequeathes all property, real, personal and mixed of any nature and kind whatsoever, that she may have no use for, to Vera Newcomer, member of the aforesaid second party. She also wills her the right to giggle, at any time or place she may choose.

(3) Maude Zonker wills to any Junior who shall be so unfortunate as to need it, her Salutatorian Oration on a New Constitution for Indiana, and also to any member of the aforesaid school who shall desire to do so, the right to talk with F. Eberly, member of aforesaid second party, sit beside him in class or write notes to him of any kind whatsoever.

(4) Mabel Kiser, member of aforesaid class of the aforesaid school, wills to Martha Wines, Master Mischief Maker of the Order of Holy Diggers, two A's in deportment, which she shall have use for no longer after her decease, being doubly sure of good behavior.

(5) Helen Goodwin wills to any one of the feminine members of the aforesaid Junior party, her shadow, should said member become too absorbed in the Estelle Society. She urges all students to attach themselves to a society of like nature, organize for benevolent purposes, but not to become too ardent a worker in the aforesaid society.

(6) Lotta McGiffin, Teaser by profession, and Dealer in Sarcasm, hereby wills uninterrupted peace to Mr. G. E. Roop, principal of aforesaid school, in the years that are to come and her unending good-will toward all those with whom she has had the pleasure of dealing in the past four years of her high school career.

Second, We hereby direct and empower our executor to make disposition of all property set forth in the foregoing statements, as soon as practicable after our decease, from aforesaid school.

Third, We hereby appoint Mr. G. E. Roop, Principal of aforesaid school, guardian of all persons as may be minors, who shall come into this will at the time of our departure hence.

Fourth, We hereby appoint Mr. A. L. Moudy, Superintendent of the aforesaid school, executor of this our last will and testament.

Fifth, We hereby will and bequeath our executive abilities, enviable good-nature, dramatic powers, and abundant brains to the members of aforesaid High School, to be equally divided among them all.

Sixth, We hereby will to the Assistant Principals, the Misses Crary, Kroft and Williams, delicious peace hereafter, free from our disturbing presence, and with no cause to weep over our shortcomings.

In Witness Whereof, We, the Senior Class, have to this, our last will and testament, set our hand and our seal, this Twenty-first day of May, A. D. 1915.

(Signed) THE SENIOR CLASS

Sworn to and affixed this Twenty-first day of May, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen.

(Signed) ELMER FRETZ, Atty.

SENIOR CLASS POEM.

Twelve years ago we started out to school one happy day,
Our hearts were glad and happy in a most expectant way,
For dreams of childhood now were surely coming true,
As we mingled with our playmates and saw the teacher, too.
In thru the grades with many a joy we drifted,
Leaving many things to do but some wisdom we have sifted.
Then we reached the dear old High, and entered, Freshmen gay,
Often thinking fun came first, but, say —
That phantom thought soon vanished on examination day.
Our banner was the biggest that e'er hung upon the wall,
And under it we've worked and shirked, together, one and all.

Our motto was, "Ever onward, up the current of the stream,"
And victory ever beckoned thru the vision as a dream.
In our experience together we ever found it so;
There wasn't any other way, but to just take hold and row.
And with the course before us we've rowed with all our might,
Till at last the bay's before us and the ocean is in sight.
To those who yet are coming, just a hint thru open doors,
You'll never "get there," schoolmates, by resting on your oars.
The teachers have been kind to us, more kind than we to them;
They seemed to understand the way and the tide w^e had to stem
They've always been true friends to us, and ever kind,
To them God Speed! And many blessings may they find.

Their message of brightness and sunshine to our hearts oft weary and cold,
Has a reflection and blessing that will blossom and never grow old.
And thus may we share their gladness with hearts that may need it in life;
For gentle words, smiles and laughter are helpful in this world's strife.
To be strong of purpose and heart and keep the upward path,
Do our best in the world's work unmindful of pain and wrath.
Thus speed the day for each and all, dear classmates, and as we go
We'll tread with steadfast hearts by faith or sight
That upward path that leads to truth and ever on to right,
For our lives are what we make them, no matter of what life is made.
The discords of music—the discords of life; in effort life's value is paid.
Ignorance is like the darkness of night, but knowledge is the sunshine,
When with good common sense it is blended sublime:
It also means power and business success when freed from self-pity
Then let love and good-will go together, just be cheery and gritty.

Louise Willis, '15.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY.

In the Fall of 1911, the High School Assembly room was filled to the doors with excited and expectant youngsters. They were a lively bunch of living Freshies, and not of a very brilliant green, either, tho' they had a dazzling effect upon the eyes of the color-blind Seniors.

In a very short time they were all comfortably ensconced in their new place and accustomed to all of its rules and usages. This first year passed uneventfully, merely serving as a period for adjusting ourselves to our work.

Another year rolled around and we were Sophomores, strutting about in all the glory that the second year demands. We were all back at school, with the exception of the average number of "quitters"—and immensely refreshed by our summer vacation. Fortune then began to smile on the class and we were all happy.

That year came to a brilliant finish, since it left the class endowed with the most marvelous brains and greatest stores of knowledge ever possessed by any class at the end of the Sophomore year.

May came and advanced us to Juniors, and we soon gained the reputation of being the liveliest, jolliest, wittiest, most knowing, most independent and most original of any class ever enrolled on the annals of the W. H. S. The Seniors, of course, tried to take the glare off so much brilliancy, but did not succeed, naturally. Every single member was conspicuous, and their characteristics varied and numerous. Every single one contributed to the welfare and success of the class.

Thruout the Junior year we developed a most loving regard for our big beautiful banner of green and white. We were no longer green, but felt that it wouldn't be quite fair to the Freshmen not to honor the dazzling color.

Exams came and left us proud and flourishing, tho' perhaps a trifle empty-headed. Our Junior-Senior banquet took everybody by storm, and made them wish it would take place oftener.

When the nineteen-fifteens reached the Senior year, their enthusiasm and class-spirit were admirable and enviable. Everything was entered upon with the same zest they had always shown. Many difficulties presented themselves before us and the class would probably have been short-lived had it not been for the rare judgment and unusual personality of Virg. B. M.

And now the Seniors have grown both in stature and wisdom, and feel that they are fully prepared to cope with the great world before them.

SENIOR CLASS SONG.

(Tune—"Twenty Froggies Went to School.")

Thirteen Seniors came to school,
With the purpose to obey the rule.
Thirteen Seniors worked real hard,
Not one credit from us was barred.
Five long months we did our best,
Exams all came and we passed the test.
Then one more joined with our class,
This was Ruth, a fine Senior lass.

Fourteen Seniors finishing school,
Not one ever acts the fool.
Mr. Moudy, grave and stern,
Calls our classes in their turn,
For we learn our lessons well,
As our teachers all can tell.
We will soon be leaving you,
Then we'll have to say "adieu."

TO MY CLASSMATES.

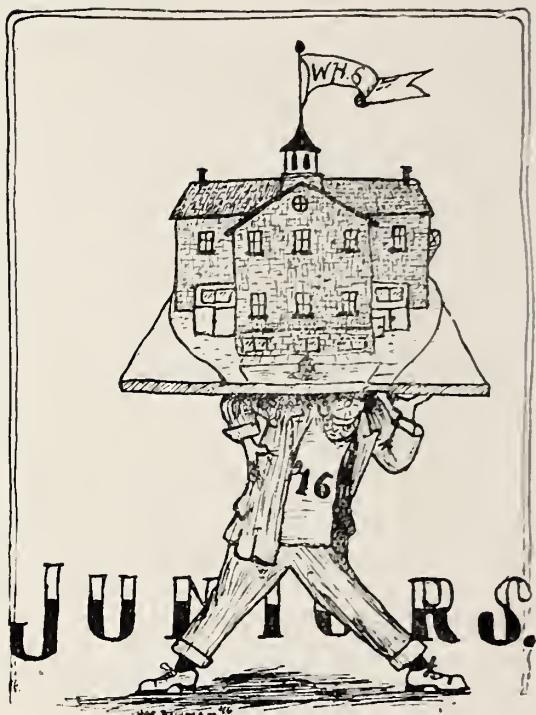
Do you remember the care-free abandon,
The utter glory in every school day,
The merry world too riotous to stand on,
When we were Freshmen, in everybody's way?

Do you recall the many great blunders,
Which the Sophomore year always brings,
The never-ending studies, the glorious blunders,
The vivid interest in all sorts of things?

Do not forget our Junior year pleasures,
Even tho' our studies increased.
We gained the knowledge that every hour tendered,
But our interest in play did not cease!

Life is short at best, and as we travel,
So many stones lie along our way.
So many tangled threads which we must ravel,
While there is time, oh, let us play!

A Senior.



JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY.

Three years of our High School course gone! Who would believe that we are so near our goal. As Freshmen we entered the Waterloo High School thirty-five strong. We easily became accustomed to school life and entered readily into all its joys. Under our excellent teachers we could not help but store up plenty of knowledge.

Thirty pupils composed our Sophomore class. We chose as our motto, "No crown without the dust of labor," and as our colors Cardinal and Steel Gray.

On the seventh of September, 1914, we entered upon our present dignified position, as Juniors. Twenty-five now answer our roll call. It has been a profitable year, busy with studies and good times.



THE JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS.

President Fred Eberly
Vice-President Vera Newcomer
Sec. and Treas. Martha Wines
Historian Marie Miles
Poetess Ioa Zonker
Yell Leader Charles Colby

Motto:

No Crown Without the Dust of Labor.

Colors:

Cardinal and Grey.

Flower:

Red Rose.

Yell:

Ah! Ae! Oh!

Anni Cannac-cannac-cannac!

Bob tail vinegar! Rac-rac-rac!

Cannibal! Cannibal! Indian squaw!

Juniors! Juniors! Rah!-Rah!-Rah!

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Hazel Flynn	Gladys Beard
Edna Blanchard	Arthur Smith
Loa Wines	Myrtle Wiltrot
Roy Rohm	Libbie Buchanan
Vera Newcomer	Reba Walker
Lynn Crooks	Alys McIntosh
Martha Wines	Estelle Wiltrot
Faye Miser	Joe Bowman
Carl Getts	Nealla Becker
Florence Strow	Marie Miles
Fred Eberly	Ioa Zonker
Charles Colby	Lynn Imhoff
Russel Strow	

JUNIOR CLASS POEM.

The Junior class is charming,
We're always at our best,
For Mr. Moudy's in the box,
Supremely versed and dressed.

Then comes one thrilling moment,
A host of anxious guys
Break from our studies in the school
A good and grand surprise.

Alas! Our class has halted
We lack in strength and speed
Our faults are seen by Mr. Roop;
He is ready to fill our need.

Quick into duty springing,
On fluttering wings of gauze,
We lead the school that wins the prize
With greetings and applause.



Guess who rides this beast

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY.

We, the members of the Sophomore class, started in the Freshman year with twenty-five enrolled. Fourteen of these were graduates of the grammar department of the Waterloo schools, two were from Corunna, and the remainder from the country.

At the end of two weeks, one boy felt the call of outside duties and withdrew from the class. The vacancy left was filled by the entrance of two new students, however, in November, thus bringing our enrollment up to twenty-six. In the early spring two other students withdrew from the class, leaving twenty-four members, the enrollment at the end of the term.

In the Sophomore year, the class numbered twenty-three, but one boy left the class, not long after the first of the term, to attend another school. We were soon joined by another girl and this brought the enrollment up to twenty-three, the same number with which the Sophomore year was begun. We are now on our way toward the coveted Senior goal with our motto, "Climb, tho the rocks be rugged," as our director.

Waldo Bowman, '17.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL.

Ethel Baker	Mary McIntosh
Florence Schuster	Jean Grimm
William Smith	Howard Dilgard
Vera Nodine	Dorothy Brown
Daisy Brown	Lula Kennedy
Waldo Bowman	Clarence Bowers
Thelma Eberly	Faye Till
Frances Baxter	Hazel Harmes
Joe Kirkpatrick	Harold Fretz
Mary Nodine	Alice Ridge
Audrey Crowl	Charles Till
	Willo Hinman

CLASS OFFICERS.

President Ethel Baker
Vice-President Florence Schuster
Sec. and Treas. Thelma Eberly
Historian Waldo Bowman
Poet Charles Till

Motto:

Climb, tho the rocks be rugged.

Colors:

Royal Purple and Buff.

Flower:

White Roses.

Yell:

Ching-a-langa, ching-a-langa!
Chow! Chow! Chow!
Boom-a-langa, boom-a-langa!
Bow! Wow! Wow!
Ching-a-langa, ching-a-langa!
Che! Chow! Ches!
Waterloo Sophomores
Are the best!

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM.

Ah! Ha! The jolly Sophomores,
The best class you've ever seen,
Will graduate in two years more,
In nineteen hundred seventeen.

Our colors are purple and buff;
And may they long by us stay.
We think they are just the stuff,
No matter what other folks say.

Let all stones be steppers, not trippers,
For we have only two years of time.
But in seventeen t'will be a clipper,
We are told by great men sublime.

For the Sophs, and the girls' tennis champs,
May our banner always keep flying,
All hope that they never will be tramped,
To protect them we'll do plenty of trying.

We still have a rough road before us,
May no objects be passed unseen,
We hope, and may we ever trust,
That we overcome them in seventeen.

We are going to live up to our motto,
Now just see if we don't.
We are going to climb upward and, oh!
We'll never think of saying "I won't."

Now we should never glance backward,
We are told by a visage of time,
As we toil onward and upward,
"Rocks, tho rugged, we'll climb."

Charles Till, '17.

SOPHOMORE CLASS PROPHECY.

In 1925 I decided to take a flying trip over some parts of Indiana and neighboring states.

I went to Ft. Wayne to take the morning aeroplane from that city. I observed something familiar in the face of the ticket lady, and it was a long time before my memory returned, for I knew her to be Lulu Kennedy. We had a short talk, but the aeroplane was ready and I was compelled to leave her.

As we neared a small town the machine refused to work, so we descended to earth and were obliged to wait. As I was walking around I saw two smiling young ladies approaching, and as they drew near, one of them called me by name. I did not recognize them and was astonished when they told me that they were Faye Till and Audrey Crowl, on their way to Indianapolis to teach school, the former as an English teacher and the latter a master of Latin and German. Together we walked around the machine and observed some men fixing broken wires. The machinist had his back to us as we approached, but when he turned toward us we knew him to be William Smith. He also recognized us and we were soon talking about our class of seventeen.

I found out that Alice Ridge and Mary Nodine had gone to China and were enjoying the work very much. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fritz were traveling in Europe. Mrs. Fritz, whose maiden name was Florence Shuster, had written that she was having the time of her life and that she had heard Miss Hazel Harmes, the famous violinist, in one of her great musicals in Paris. William informed me that Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kirkpatrick were living in New York, Joe as a teacher of mathematics in Columbia University, and his wife, formerly Dorothy Brown, as leading lady in New York society.

The wires had by that time been repaired and we were ready to proceed.

We reached Indianapolis in the afternoon and I decided to remain there for a few days. I went to a hotel, engaged a room, and went sight ~~seeing~~.

I rode out to Riverside Park, and since it was so beautiful, I resolved to spend a few hours there. While wandering along, a shadow fell across my path, and looking up, I saw a young lady standing before me, and instantly knew her to be Mary McIntosh. I learned in a few minutes' conversation with her that she was on her wedding tour, her husband being a Waterloo gentleman. She told me that Waldo Bowman was General of one of the armies along the coast. She also said that Clarence Bowers was the owner of one of the largest ranches in the west, and was very wealthy, being a bachelor.

Since it was getting late, I went back to my hotel. I decided to go to the theater in the evening, and as I entered I noticed a bill stating that the greatest soprano singer in the world would sing there that night. When she finally appeared who did I see but my old classmate, Jean Grimm. I was indeed glad to know that she had succeeded so well in her musical career.

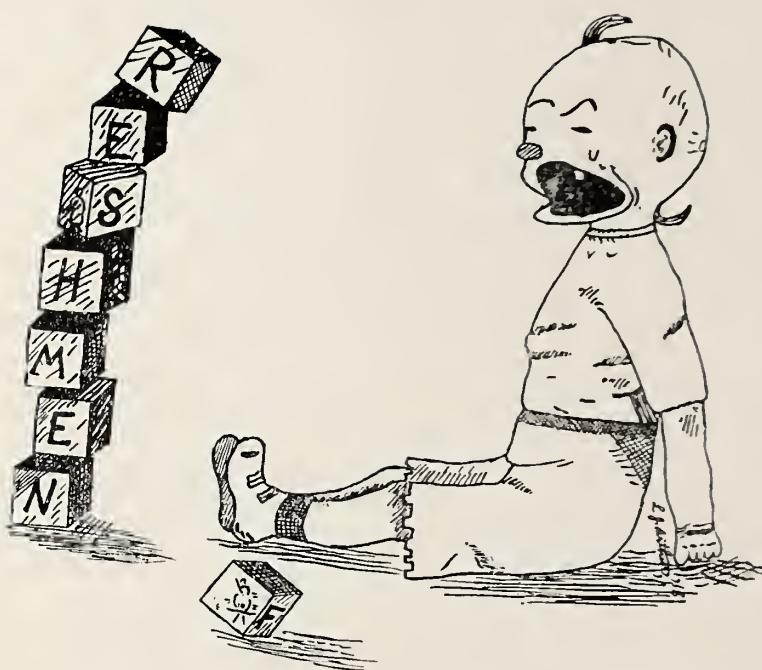
The next morning I took the second aeroplane out of Indianapolis and for half a day we flew along, going to earth now and then for supplies. At noon we stopped at Chicago, where I stayed a few days. As I was going up the steps to the Union depot, I passed a young lady whom I recognized as

Willo Hinman. She also knew me and we stopped and chatted. I learned that she was going to take up a position as music teacher in the high school. She also told me that Thelma Eberly and Ethel Baker were living together in a small town in southern Georgia, and that Howard Dilgard was president of one of the largest clubs in New York City. Frances Baxter and Daisy Brown were traveling with a chautauqua, Frances a Violinist and Daisy as pianist and soprano singer. I was pleased to hear that my classmates had succeeded so well.

That evening I picked up a paper, and the first thing I noticed were these words, in big headlines, "Charles Till, Famous Idol, Heir to Two Million Dollars." I was very surprised to see that, but was very glad that he had been so fortunate.

The next afternoon I started on my return trip. I reached home in a few days and was able to say that I had enjoyed my journey very much, since I had heard of many of my old classmates of '17. They had all succeeded very well in their various careers, as they were destined to do from the beginning.

Vera Nodine, '17.



FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY.

On the 17th of September thirty-one frightened, ignorant freshmen entered the W. H. S. Five of these were from Corunna and the remaining twenty-six from Waterloo and vicinity. As the week rolled by we became accustomed to our strange surroundings and began to feel more at home.

From the thirty-one members, only twenty-nine assembled after the Christmas vacation, two of them having moved to other cities.

And sad to relate, two others dropped from the ranks just before examination time, but the class is still large, consisting of twenty-seven members, and we hope that next year, on looking over the room, we may see all these familiar faces that compose the present freshman class.

HELEN MONROE, '18.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS



FRESHMEN CLASS ROLL.

Darrel Smith	Charley Bloom
Wilber Bowman	Creighton Showers
Bessie Ingersol	Gladys Moore
Frank Forrest	Robert Reynolds
Clarence McConathy	James Carper
Wilma Thomas	Hazel Edwards
Charles McIntosh	Lynn Arthur
Henry Nodine	Lester Lowman
John Moore	Joe Miser
Almond McBride	Harley Gushwa
Walter Michael	Frank Shomberg
	Lydia Wines

CLASS OFFICERS.

President	Bessie Ingersol
Vice-President	Charles McIntosh
Sec. and Treas.....	Wilma Thomas
Historian	Helen Monroe
Poet	Almond McBride

Motto:

Dig in or Dig Out.

Colors:

Blue and Gold.

Flower:

Purple Violets.

Yell:

Alla Vero—Alla Viro!

 Alla Vero-viro-vum!

We've got a rat trap bigger than a cat
 trap.

We've got a cat trap bigger than a rat
 trap.

 Alla vum—Alla vum!

 Zis—Boom—Bah!

Freshmen! Freshmen!

 Rah—Rah—Rah!

FRESHMEN CLASS POEM.

Let's higher climb, my comrades
Up the rough slope of wisdom's mount,
And never get weary in true endeavor,
As we journey along together.

Let others pause, my comrades
In the early hours of work,
For content, they idly wander
Or by the wayside sit and ponder.

Do not tire of the work,
You have begun, and do not shirk.
Do your best for all that is in it,
And never say you will "quit."

The path is long and crooked,
With by-paths that many have taken.
But push straight ahead with full sail,
And you will never fail.

Let's make the school be proud of us
And never shall the cloud of despair,
In searching for victims, come over us
As onward we pull to success.

Almond McBride '18.

FRESHMAN CLASS PROPHECY.

In the summer of 1940 it was my good fortune to learn the fate of those fair damsels and gallant young men who were once happy classmates of mine in dear old Waterloo High school. It came about in this way:

While traveling about, I stopped at Rangoon, India, where I entered a novelty shop. I saw there a machine which aroused my curiosity very much and led me to ask the clerk what it was. He told me that if any question (in the past, present or future) was asked in the small horn, a scene would appear in the glass, which would answer the question. I purchased the wonderful machine and took it to my room.

Naturally my first question was, "Where are my classmates and what are they doing?" As the horn received the query, I heard a buzzing and a humming sound, and presently beheld an odd picture in the glass. The scene was of a small village in Arkansas, where, in front of the store, was written "James Carper, Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, etc." I looked closer and saw behind the counter a small man with a tiny, corkscrew mustache, whom I recognized as my old classmate, Harry Bowers.

As this scene faded, I saw another and a more beautiful one. It was a low valley, where a slow freight train was puffing along, and as it passed, I noticed in a side door Pullman a gentleman whom I knew to be my old classmate Walter Michael, seemingly taking it easy.

My gaze fell upon an entirely different picture of a happy wedding party, and there I recognized my old friend, John Moore, now a prominent minister of Detroit, uniting in marriage Miss Hazel E. Edwards and Henry Nodine.

I closed my eyes for a minute and when I opened them again I saw Miss Bessie Ingersoll conducting a singing school in Dallas, Texas. I also saw there my old friend, Frank Forrest, who seemed to be an assistant tutor.

As another scene came into view I rejoiced to see my happy classmate, Pat McConathy, making a stirring suffragette speech before the United States senate. He was favored with much applause and many cheers.

The scene changed again and I saw a grand opera in New York City, where a man was screeching and howling as if trying to sing. Who could it be but my former friend and classmate, Joe Miser?

I then saw a happy family sitting around the fireplace. It was none other than Frank Shomberg, who had married Jessie Kissabерth. In the next room I saw a trained nurse, whom I recognized as Wilma Thomas, holding in her arms one of the little Shommies, which was evidently a howling success.

I next observed a grand marble mansion in Corunna. Descending the wide steps with a haughty air I beheld Robert Reynolds, dressed in the latest style. He was the same old Bobbie, however, and I could not help wishing that I could speak to him.

The next scene was that of an imposing building in Chicago, in front of which was placed a large sign reading: "Messrs. Chas. Kalb and Creighton

Showers, Powder, Perfumery, Etc." Both of the proprietors stood in the doorway and looked just as mischievous as ever.

Then on the screen was shown a doctor's office in which Harley Gushwa seemed to preside. In the next room sat a motherly little lady, knitting. She was probably his wife, for as I looked closer I knew her to be Helen Monroe.

Then a small town came into view. The first thing I noticed was a large bill posted to a tree, and reading "Prof. Chas. McIntosh, Great Magician, and Mrs. Lydia Wines McIntosh, in her one-act drama, 'The Mountaineer.'"

Then I beheld in a crowded train Mr. Lynn Arthur and Miss Gladys Moore, about to start on a long journey. By the size and number of their trunks I supposed them to be on their honeymoon, though they had been a long time deciding that they needed each other.

Who did I then see but my old chum, McBride, the world's greatest automobile racer? He had overcome all the racers of the day and easily held the world's record.

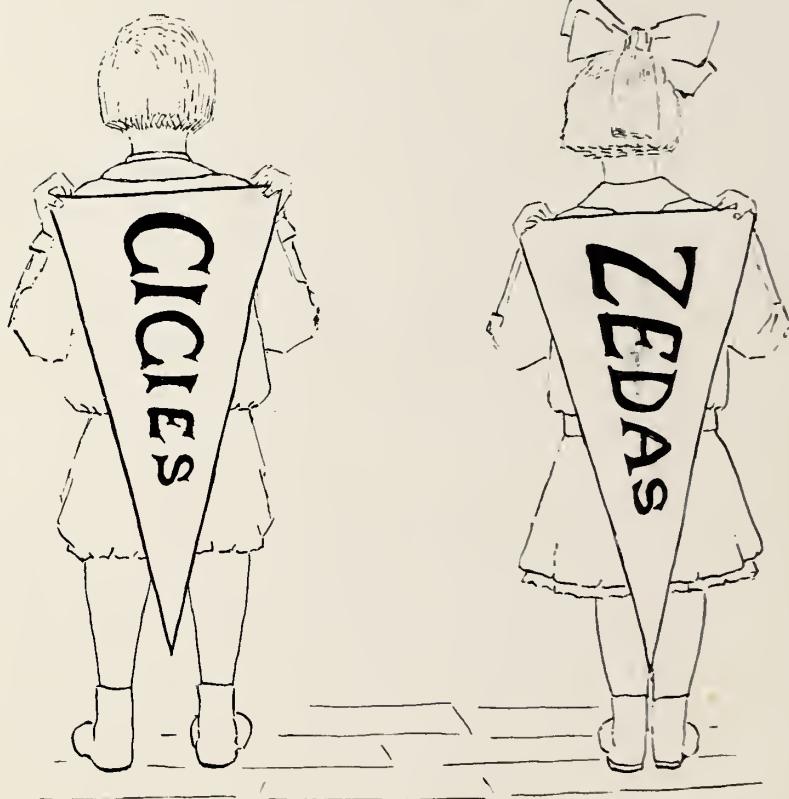
Then I observed Wilbur E. Bowman, dressed in military uniform, marching away toward scenes of war and in search of fame. One glance at his fine bearing assured me that he would easily distinguish himself in the battle-fields.

Just then the machine failed to work and I could not see my fate. But let us believe as Longfellow:

"Trust no future, how'er pleasant
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living present;
Heart within and God o'erhead."

DARREL SMITH, '18.

LITERARY SOCIETIES





VIRGIL JOHNSON, Pres. (Retired) WALDO BOWMAN, Secretary
LYNN CROOKS, Secy. (Retired) ETHEL GIRARDOT, President

THE ZEDEALETHEAN SOCIETY .

The spirit of the Zedadlethean Literary Society has from the beginning been earnest and enthusiastic, and the prospects, at the present time, are bright for its permanence and advancement.

The officers elected for the first semester were as follows: President, Virgil Johnson; Secretary and Treasurer, Lynn Crooks; and for the second semester, President, Ethel Girardot; Secretary and Treasurer, Waldo Bowman. All these officers have performed their various weighty duties to the best of their ability and the highest degree of efficiency.

The programs of this society are given every six weeks and are very instructive and entertaining.

In short, it is our object to secure an opportunity for development of such powers as we may possess and thus to increase our capacity for usefulness and also pleasure in life.

Faithful Members of the Zedalethean Society, Members of the Faculty, Friends and Schoolmates:

To me has been given the highest honor of the Z. L. S., and since you have put your trust in me, I will endeavor to perform the duties of this office to the best of my ability. The office involves many responsibilities, and though small, yet combined they form one great responsibility, which can easily be overcome by your putting forth your best efforts. I assure you that I will do all I can to maintain the standard of the society, but the real success depends upon two things:

First: Co-operation. If you will look back over the history of the Zedalethean Society you will find that its success has been due largely to the hearty co-operation of its members.

Second: You will also find that its members have not been urged to do the work assigned them, but have willingly fulfilled the requirements, and I hope that this will be the case in the future.

Summing all up, we find that the secret of success lies in those two things, viz.: co-operative effort and willingness to do work, and since I have the liberty, I entreat and urge you to maintain them.

The future of the society depends upon you, fellow members, and I am safe in saying that all of you would have it only at its best. Through the present growing personal effort and co-operative spirit the society is bound to reach its zenith and through patriotism and fidelity maintain this standard of perfection.

In closing I wish to thank the Zedalethean Society for the honor they have done me and the trust they have put in me, and again I assure you that I will put forth my best efforts to raise the standard of the society to its maximum height.

VIRGIL JOHNSON. '15.



ESTELLE WILTROUT, Pres (Retired)

JOE BOWMAN, President.

WILBUR BOWMAN, Secy.

FRED EBERLY, Secy. (Retired)

Honored Members of the Faculty, Members of the Zedalethean Literary Society, and Friends:

I feel that it is a proper and genuine duty to make a few brief remarks before entering fully upon the duties of this office. I cannot help but feel it an honor to be elected and on this day inaugurated as the pilot of this worthy literary society. Although this office was unsolicited by me, and since you have seen fit to place me therein of your own accord, my loyalty for the society and my sense of duty prompt me to assure you of my most sincere thanks for this high esteem. I not only assure, but promise, you that I will serve you as a society to the best of my ability.

It is reasonably clear to every individual present that the object, the purpose, of this society, and of our sister society, is to cultivate and develop the literary talents that God has so graciously endowed us with. In order to accomplish this end it devolves upon every individual member of this society to do his very level best and thus show his enthusiasm, his loyalty in rightly doing his duty. It seems that nearly all of my predecessors have appealed for co-operative effort, but this I will not do in a strict sense of the word. I have thought of a new plan which I firmly hope will merit, and of itself receive, your hearty support. It is this: **That I place every member of this society upon his own honor.** I repeat it. I place every member of this society upon his own honor. I will refrain from going into detail in explaining the meaning of this, for I know that each and every one here knows what it is to be trusted and placed upon his own honor. I am sure of this because God gave every one of us a conscience and I am sure that our own conscience is better aware of what honor means than we ourselves do. This may perhaps be termed figurative, but nevertheless it well conveys the message I have for you so long as this society shall live.

In conclusion permit me to make you fully aware of the responsibility which I have just now settled upon you, and then, if heeded and all have done their very best, I assure you of unlimited success and a name worthy of our Dear Old High School.

ETHEL GIRARDOT, '15.

TRIBUTE TO THE SOCIETIES.

The societies are benefactors,
That we gladly praise,
For breaking the monotony
Of the school's dull days.

The officers are of the best,
They are both witty and wise.
And the programs given
We cannot criticize.

If you search the wide world over
At last you would have to cry
"There are no such societies
Outside of the Waterloo High."

THE CICERONIAN SOCIETY.

The preceding school year has been of seemingly unsurpassable success, both for ourselves and our opponents. So nobly and unhesitatingly did the members co-operate with their leaders in performing the tasks given them, that we feel very exultant over our success. The standard of our success and the success of any organization can only be measured by the advancement and accomplishments of its predecessors; therefore we believe that inasmuch as we have advanced the quality and originality of our programs, we have been successful.

During the first semester Messrs. Wiltrot and Eberly controlled and very ably presided over the administrative duties entrusted to them. During the second semester Messrs. Joe and Wilber Bowman succeeded to the respective chairs of President and Secretary and fulfilled their duties with no less fidelity than their predecessors.

Members of the Ciceronian Literary Society, Faculty and Friends:

As I enter upon my duties as President of this society, I desire to thank the Ciceronians for the office they have bestowed upon me; and I do solemnly promise that I will enter upon the work with a determination to keep the society up to its standard and improve it to the best of my ability.

But to do this, Fellow Ciceronians, I must have the support of every one of you, which I am sure you will willingly give.

This is one of the many things that have been repeatedly impressed upon you, and I am sure it will not be necessary to state it again.

No man or organization was ever successful without system, and so it is with our society. We cannot expect to give and prepare programmes that deserve honor and credit, without having a systematic way of proceeding.

All I ask, therefore, is Sincerity to yourself, Good-will toward your school and Loyalty to your society.

JOE BOWMAN, '16.

Fellow Ciceronians, Faculty, and Friends:

It is upon this occasion that I wish to thank you for the honor you have given me. It has been the custom of former Presidents to make lengthy speeches comparing this society to numerous things, but I say that the Ciceronian Society is incomparable. We make it so. Allow me to say here and now that we will make the Ciceronian Literary Society the greatest, the grandest, the best.

ESTELLE WILTROUT, '16.

BLUE SERGE.

For ten years Mrs. Emma McChesney's home had been a wardrobe trunk. She had taken her family life at second hand. Four nights out of seven her bed was "lower eight" and her breakfast a cinder-strewn, lukewarm horror, taken tete-a-tete with a sleepy-eyed stranger and presided over by a white-coated, black-faced bandit to whom a coffee-slopped saucer was a matter of course.

It had been her habit, during those ten years on the road as traveling saleswoman for the T. A. Buck Featherbloom Petticoat Company to avoid the discomfort of the rapidly chilling car by slipping early into her berth. There in kimona, if not in comfort, she would shut down the electric light with a snap, raise the shade, and watch the little towns go by.

All through the long years of up-hill pull, from the time she started with a humble salary in the office, to the day when she had been made secretary to the prosperous firm of T. A. Buck, there was a minor but fixed ambition in her heart. The same ambition may be found in the heart of every woman whose morning costume is a tailored suit, whose newspaper must be read hurriedly on the way downtown in a crowded car and to whom 9 a. m. spells "business."

For twenty years Emma McChesney used to say, "I've never known what it is to loll in leisure. I've never even had a chance to luxuriate in Sunday." To a working woman, Sunday is for repairing the ravages of the other six days. Emma had transformed the T. A. Buck Featherbloom Petticoat Company from a placidly mediocre concern to a thriving, nationally known institution. That might have turned another woman's head. It only served to set Emma McChesney's more splendidly on her shoulders.

"Emma," Buck had said just before their marriage, "what is the arrangement to be—after—"

"Just what it is now, I suppose," Emma had replied, "except that we'll go down to the office together."

He had regarded her thoughtfully for a long minute. Then,

"Emma, for three months after our marriage will you try being just Mrs. T. A. Buck?"

"You mean no factory, no dictation, no business bothers!" Her voice was a rising scale of surprise.

"Just try it for three months with the privilege of a lifetime if you like it. I'd like to see you in our home when I leave, Emma, and I'd like to have you there when I come home. I suppose I sound like a selfish Turk, but—"

"You sound like a regular husband," Emma had interrupted. "Now listen, T. A. For three months I'm going to be what the novels call a doll-wife. I'm going to meet you every night when you come home with a rose in my hair and dressed in pink, with lace ruffles. Don't you know I've been longing to do just those very things for years? Ever since I can remember I've been so busy that it has been a question of getting the best possible garments in the least possible time for the smallest possible sum. In that case one gets blue serge. I've worn blue serge until it feels like a convict's uniform. But it's a bargain. Shake hands on it."

They shook hands solemnly. As they did so a faint shadow of doubt hovered far, far back in the depths of T. A. Buck's fine eyes, and a faint, inscrutable smile lurked in the corners of Emma's lips.

She had never been a woman to do things by halves. What she undertook to do she did thoroughly and applied this principle to her new mode of life as rigidly as she had to the old.

The first month slipped magically by. Emma was too much of a woman not to feel a certain thrill of pleasure in the selection of delicate and becoming fabrics, and in being able to spend an hour curled up in a big easy chair with a book or magazine.

One evening she met T. A. at the door, wearing a charming new gown, and asked him how he liked it.

"You're wonderful in it," said T. A. "But, say, Emma, where's that blue thing you used to wear—the one with the white collar and cuffs and the little blue hat with the what-cha-ma-call-em's on it?"

"Why, T. A. that was worn threadbare in the office."

"Oh," said Buck "too bad! There was something about that dress—I don't know—"

The second month was spent in society, and Emma, well dressed, intelligent, became very popular at all social affairs. Here they talked on nearly every topic, from suffrage to salad dressing and from war to the weather, but never about business. And Emma's life had been interwoven with business for almost fifteen years!

After dinner on the last of the three months, Emma gave a happy sigh. "And to think that I once envied the women who had nothing to do but the things I've done in the last three months!"

Buck rose and came over to where she sat.

"Emma, I have mentioned this once or twice before, but perhaps you will still be interested to know that I think you're a wonder. A wonder."

"Oh, well, we won't quarrel about that," smiled Emma.

Suddenly a new idea seemed to strike her. She ran down the hall and disappeared. Buck, following in a leisurely manner, hands in pockets, stood in the bedroom door and watched her plunge into the innermost depths of the clothes closet.

"What's the idea, Emma?"

"Looking for something," he was answered in muffled tones.

A long pause.

"Can I help?"

"I've got it!" cried Emma. She emerged from the clothes closet flushed but triumphant, smilingly holding a garment at arms length and a small object aloft.

"What—"

"Emma shook the garment vigorously and held it up under her chin, and perched the small object on top of her head.

"Why!" exclaimed Buck, grinning. "It's the—"

"The blue serge," Emma finished for him. "with the white collar and cuffs! And the little blue hat with the what-cha-ma-call-em's on it."

And, praise be, I'm wearing 'em both down town tomorrow morning."

Mary McIntosh, '17,



ATHLETICS.

There is no cause for worry over the "deplorable condition of Athletics in the W. H. S.," for the condition is not deplorable. If anyone thinks so, it is pure imagination. We have many excellent players who make it possible for the W. H. S. to be quite successful in all kinds of sport. What other advantages can we possibly desire? None.

The most important of our athletic aspirations are baseball, tennis, vaulting and class rivalry, placed in the order of their importance.

The 1915 baseball season was one of the most successful ever experienced by the W. H. S. The team ended the season with a good record, defeating nearly everything in sight.

Next in line comes the tennis games, which are perhaps played more than any other games in school. There are six tennis courts on the campus, one for each class in High School, one for the Faculty, and one for the Eighth grade. Last fall several inter-class tournaments were held.

Boys' doubles were played, and the Juniors were successful thru the skillful playing of Estelle and Arthur. In the boys' singles, the Juniors were also successful, winning in this thru "Art."

In the girls' doubles, the Sophs were victorious thru the skill of Mary and Dorothy. Mary also won the laurels for the Sophs in the singles.

Vaulting is a recent addition to our athletics. Some little time was spent on it this spring, until the baseball season opened, causing the fever for baseball to rise to 108°. Our new friend, Vaulting, was, of course, abandoned.

Class rivalry is shown in many places in this book. Look in the Winkler for a good example of it.

"PERCY."

Percy is our star shortstop this year, and certainly knows baseball from beginning to end. He even knows how the early Romans played ball. He has seldom missed practice and never a game, and is expected to do great things during his sojourn in the High School. A ball was never known to

get past him, for it was not allowed to do so. He works with his head as well as with his hands

"STROW."

Strow, our big bashful third baseman, is noted for his poor playing when ladies are about. If one by any chance speaks to him, he promptly misses a ball. From the moment he entered the team he has always made his presence felt. He believes in nothing but home runs. His batting is great. If you are in doubt about this, ask someone who has played against him.

"BILL."

Bill, our gracefully cute right fielder, in some mysterious manner, manages to catch all the balls. We don't know how he does it, but one never passes him. He believes in sure hitting. He is only a Sophomore, but will certainly develop into something of a marvel before he leaves the W. H. S. He deserves honors, for he has shown fine school spirit in every branch of athletics in the school.

"FRITZIE."

"Fritzie" Eberly is famed for other things as well as baseball. He calls himself the best man on the team and says he's pretty. He insists on taking a camp stool to left field and thinks that if the ball wants to be caught it must come to him. All the balls do come to him, however, because he catches them all. Next year we will surely hear great things of "Fritzie."

"TROUT."

"Trout," our good-looking catcher when Jillio was absent, is the big-hearted little man who is always doing something, but never does anything. He is usually a star fielder, and his great specialty is catching balls and even sometimes girls. Therefore he is trained in the art of handling the balls with care. He can get to second and third base before the opposing team can even see him.

"DILLY."

"Dilly" is our pitcher, and for twirling he's hard to beat. His marvelous out-drops, in-shoots and round-houses make us all dodge. Altho his ambitions run in plenty of other directions, when the baseball season opens his small body can scarcely contain him. His enthusiasm cannot be dampened. His real worth will stand out prominently the next two years.

"JILLIO."

"Jillio" is the man behind the bat. He is noted for talking players into striking at the ball. His great whip gives none a desire to steal second. Nothing is too great for him to tackle—he would risk breaking an arm to win a game. He found his batting eyes this year, and lined them out to all corners of the lot and against any kind of pitching. His place will certainly be hard to fill.

"PUG."

"Pug," our big first baseman, is famed in many ways. A ball was never known to be too high for him to catch. This year was his first on the High

School team, but he has done wonders already. His playing improves steadily and he will certainly be a great help to the team in the future, if we are to judge by his splendid playing in the past.

"PICK."

"Pick" Gushwa, our kid fielder, tears up the ground in the center clover patch at a great rate. If it should be necessary, he could really play all three fields without much extra exertion on his part. It is truly said that he can do more rooting than a whole grandstand full of fans. He will certainly be a star if he continues to improve as he has done in the last year.

"GUSH."

"Gush," the man on second base, is famed for his one-handed catches. He likes to exchange words with the umpire to try to make him see things as he does. His play and pep have certainly kept things humming this season. "Gush" takes to athletics like a fish to water, and is a star in every branch, especially tennis. He is a Senior and we will lose him by graduation, and his place will be a hard one to fill.

THE SENIOR PLAY.

The Senior Play was a great success, dramatically, artistically and financially. It was called "Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard," and was under the direction of Mrs. Hipps, of King's School of Oratory, Pittsburg, Pa.

Even the expectations of the most optimistic people could not have come up to the real success of the play. Surmounting every variety of difficulties, most of which came within a few hours immediately preceding the presentation of the play, the management and cast cannot be given too much credit for the work.

From the time the play began to the last resounding echo, the audience was held spellbound in a continuous state of rapture and awe. Even the Seniors were quite hypnotized by its glory and nearly forgot their parts.

Altogether the play was a grand success, and was thought so by everybody, and even by the modest Seniors themselves.

SOCIETY.

So many social affairs have taken place in the last year that we thought you would like to hear about them.

At Hallowe'en, the Sophomores and Seniors together gave a masquerade reception to the Juniors, Freshmen and Faculty. Nearly the whole school, in the shape of clowns, darkies, animals, and even Uncle Sam, was present to participate in the festivities. The rooms were beautifully and appropriately decorated, and the luncheon served was in harmony with the occasion. Many stories of a blood-curdling nature were told, after which the company broke up and went, shivering and fearful, home, keeping a sharp lookout on the way, naturally.

Sad to relate, the next social affair, which was attempted by the Seniors, did not prove the brilliant success it was planned to be. The night was cold and rainy, and everybody was afraid to venture out in it, but three of the more reckless, with more courage than sense, sallied forth on the evening of the intended "dog-roast," and had what they styled "the time of their lives." The chaperon did not appear, but was not needed, for the party of three girls got along very well alone.

The Junior and Freshmen classes made one of the dreary February evenings lively by honoring the Seniors and Sophomores at a reception given at the high school. An interesting program was given in the assembly room, featured by Crooks, Wines and Wiltrot, who proved themselves quite equal to the occasion of standing up before their audience and acting with their best and choicest flourishes. The rest of the evening was spent most enjoyably in games and feasting. The refreshments were exquisite and admirably served by the Junior girls. Every one had a perfectly grand time from start to finish, even the teachers and poor unfortunates who had to make speeches.

The "Watermelon Feast," as the Juniors saw fit to call it, came off one moonlight evening in October. The chaperons in evidence throughout the evening were Misses Crary, Williams and Richards, who proved the best of company. The "table" at the beginning of the feast was groaning with its weighty load, and near the end nearly flew away, so light was its burden. Indeed, it would have disappeared if there had been the slightest breeze to set it in motion. The Juniors all reported a lovely time, and the truth of this was found in their sleepy faces and brilliant lessons the next morning.

Late in March the Junior "Straw Ride" occurred. According to the imagination they rode on straw all the way from Waterloo to Wine's home. Miss Kroft chaperoned the party, and allowed them to stay until a late hour, and as a consequence a few of them were absent from school the following morning. Every one had a good time and the "Straw Ride" was counted a great success.

Those Juniors, forever trying to do something original, decided to entertain themselves one snowy evening in January by a sleigh ride. They went to the Tabernacle services at Auburn, sat in the back of the room, and behaved beautifully, of course. Their chief amusement in the "bob," however, seemed to be making noise enough to scare any prowling animals away. Everyone enjoyed their little trip very much, and boasted that it did them "a world of good."

One nice evening in October the Freshmen had a little party, held in the woods. According to the testimony of the children who attended this "most lovely entertainment," everything was "grand." The decorations were exquisite, the refreshments gorgeous. It was a "real" marshmallow toast. The evening was enjoyed by playing games and eating, naturally. The children played many tame games, and maybe, for all we know, they had a little game of "post-office" on the side. The nurses, Miss Crary and Miss Wittmer, felt that the children would be tired the next day, after their strenuous evening, so they sent them home about eleven o'clock.

THE RIP VAN WINKLE WINKLER.

Motto: No winkin' aloud.

Published for last time 1915.

Price, 1 smile per year.

EXTRY!!!

Greatest Song Revival of the W. H. S.!

The most thrilling song service occurred durin' opening exercises one Fridy mornin' in Sunny April. First on the beginnin' of the affair up rose the Seniors, one and all, and sung their little song. They were clapped up again and sung a song without making any noise. Next on the bill o' fare came the Fresh men and they kep the pianner warm for a space by rendurin' a very touching epistle 215. They were unanimously all so undignified in the knees that they couldn't rise up to answer the call-back, which the audience give by clapping their hands. Now for the extry part. Up stood the Juniors, them being next in the show, and lined up in three tears. Agin' and agin' they were called back by the excited mob. Their last selecshun was Farewell to the Seniors and they seemed so awful touched ta see the dear Seniors go that soon the hull audience was in tears. The sobs of the Seniors were so heart-rending that they went uptown and disappeared (the sobs did). The Soops next delivered two very appropriate songs about the Juniors, and in return got a vote of thanks. Then came the Faculty. They sang "Good Morning" to the "children," as they called 'em and said "We're glad to leeve you now." Altogether

it was an occasion long to be remembered.

SPESHIAL NOTISES.

We report with grate sorrowings, as we go to press with this issue of the Winkler that we ain't got any outside correspondence from surrounding places to give you this year. We don't know just why this is, but we persoom the reason is becuz none ain't been sent in. We don't know just why this is again, but it apeers considerable like fate to us editors.

A nursury has eshtablished itself in the basement of the W. H. S. and we haſ been tolled that it is at the disposal of the Freshies. Grand, foaming, free milk is furnished, also toys and sand piles for the younger ones. For furehtr information address us.

Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed and son Snookums, they took a noshin' in their heads to come to the sassiety doin's Jan. 8, 1915. We reckon they didn't enjoy theirselves and baby much, for the little brat he kept squalling durin' the hull time till everybody's attenshun was diverted to them. Snookums wasn't no ordinary child, and it had allus been petted to much than was good for its helth, so we allowed on that and kept mum. He was so crazy about his da-da, tho,

that it was awful comic to watch the antics of the family.

Day before April 1, a purfectly nice lady called us up and with teers in her voice scolded us very severe for not lettin' the hull town know she had a friend visiting her last Sunday before April 1st. We tried to pass it off and smooth away the awful prediciment by assurin' her that we was assured that it was a April Fool joke, sence she seldom ever had a friend visitin' on Sunday, but that only got her snappy'ern ever. Some people think that our five senses are helped out by a sixth that lets us know everything that happens, even if we see, hear, feel, taste or smell it not. Dear reader, if you are going away, if Johnnie falls and breaks his neck, if anything happens that makes you glad, sad, happy or mad, tell us about it. That's the way to get it in the Winkler.

A MORRUL.

The kind-heartedest elephant in the world was walking in the jungle, in the place where the soft breezes blow, when she heedlessly and needlessly set her foot upon a little innocent partridge. The place where this was did was a few inches from the nest where the little brood wa's waiting. The big generous elephant then turned and said to herself, "Poor little things! I've been a mother myself and my affecshun shall attone for the fatal consequences of my neglect. My astral self was merely enjoying a mental joy ride." So saying she sat plumb down on them abandoned birds.

Moral: What's given above teeches us what home is without a mother.

EDITORIAL.

We've been hearin' a lot nowadays about this hear Europeen war. Now, I ain't seen nothing of that there animal and would like to know something about him. They tell me that all the leadin' countries are fightin' and what for is more than I know. Maybe it's power they want, or land, but it apeers to me that they got too many fellers over there and are dyin' to kill some of them off. We are expectin' to see one of them torpedo boats flyin' over us any day, but if they drop any of them pesky torpedos on us and seriusly kill any of us, beyond recovering, they'll be somethin' doin'. Why, we're sendin' them autymobuls now, tho what they want them creturs to fight together for is more than I know. Now we're sendin' them things to eat, but that's got more sense, for a fightin' man ginerally needs somethin' to keep him alive. I've now exhausted all I know about the war, but will continue it in the next ishue, when more news comes in.

Wanted: Some one to donate a few thousand dollars to build and equip a swimming pool.
W. H. S.

Wanted: Something to make chairs in Library stick to floor.
Janitor.

Wanted: Some volunteer to answer for me when I am absent.
E. Fretz.

Wanted: Position as fog-horn on ocean liner. Excellent reference.
C. Showers.

Wanted: New racer, which will take me to Piety Hill in 30 seconds.
A. Smith

Wanted: Information as to where I can get powder that won't show.
Address A. M. at W. H. S.

Wanted: 2000 words to finish a great essay. Am willing to pay any price.
C. Colby.

Wanted: Position as chief nut in a nut factory. Good reference if desired.
J. Moore.

Wanted: Some unfadeable blue hair dye.
L. Imhoff.

Wanted. A note from the Principal.
E. Wiltrot.

Wanted: Information as to the correct way to entertain a brilliant Senior girl.
J. Kirkpatrick.

Wanted: A second-hand marriage license.
F. Eberly.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen: Pat McConathy's brain. Finder please return to Rosebud office and receive liberal reward.

Found: Pony with name of H. Fretz written on fly leaf. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this ad.

Lost: Ash-pan to my Ford, between Waterloo and Wine's home. Return to Rosebud office and receive owner's heartfelt thanks.
C. Kalb.

For frozen ears, try Hanford's liniment, \$2 a bottle. Sold by L. Crooks.

For Rent: My brains, during summer vacation. Must not be used excessively
\$2 for four months.
M. Kiser.

For Rent: My freckles during summer months. Will pay something to boot, if necessary.
H. Dilgard.

For Sale: My patent for teaching tango lessons. Not enough in it for me. Cheap.
C. Bowers.

For Sale: Privilege of taking my girl to commencement.
H. Gushwa.

For Sale: Position as a country school teacher in a beautiful, clean, quiet room with many well-behaved, well-beloved scholars in it.
M. Zonker.

For Sale: Electricity to keep you awake in class. Guaranteed to last a lifetime.

NOTICE.

I hereby give notice that the subject of my admiration, Wilma Thomas, has deserted me without cause of provocation, and I will not settle any disputes in her behalf hereafter. Almond McBride.



A FEW DEFINITIONS.

Blame: A commodity cheerfully passed around and out by a student after a failure or other incident.

Energy: Gleeful (?) enthusiasm with which the Seniors attack their lessons.

Worry: An unhappy state of mind just before deportment grades appear.

Hypocrite: A student who comes to school with a smile on his face.

Gas: A convenience used often and fluently by bluffers in all studies.

Lessons: That which everyone likes but seldom gets.

Smiles: A commodity rather scarce among the faculty, except when a student has his lessons.

Isn't it queer how well a green sweater, a purplish blue coat, and red hair go together?

During exams, remember that: A word on the cuff is worth two in the back. Foolish ones can ask questions that wise men cannot answer.

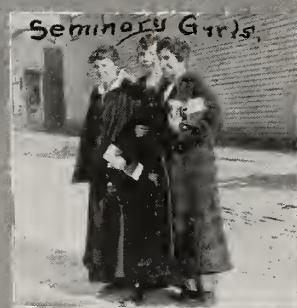
A good friend will stick up for you when your down, but so will a tombstone.

JUNIOR LYCEUM BUREAU. FIVE NUMBERS FOR \$0.00.

Jan. 32—Lecturer	Estelle Wiltrot
Feb. 30.—Punko Singers	Nealla Becker, Carl Getts, Joe Bowman, Arthur Smith
Mch. 41.—Entertainer	Lynn Crooks
Apr. 1.—Suffrage Speaker	Martha Wine
May 32.—Cartoonist	Lynn Imhoff

CAUGHT !

Rosiebud.



PSALM ON A FORD.

The Ford is my auto, I shall not want another.

It maketh me to lie down beneath it: it sorroweth my soul. It leadeth me into the paths of ridicule, for its name's sake.

Yea, though I ride through the valley, I am towed up the hills, for I fear much tire trouble.

Thy rod and thy engine, they trouble me. I anoint thy tires with patches; thy radiator runneth over. I prepare for a blow-out in the presence of my best girl.

Surely if this thing follows me all the days of my life, I will dwell in the bug-house forever.

THE FORD'S CHAMPION.

The man who buys a motor car,
But first the price must borrow,
Will never travel very far
Before he meets with sorrow.

His punishment begins indeed,
When it is his desire
To show his friends a bit of speed
And "Blooeey" goes a tire.

And when he's got some friends way out
To some far forest scene
His gladness is all put to rout
By lack of gasoline.

ANSWER TO ABCVE.

You may be right in what you wrote.
Of troubles there's a horde.
But boys, they'll never get MY goat
I'm gonna get a Ford!

A PATHETIC TALE.

A Kernel wished to take a sale,
Won suite, bright, summer day;
Sew fourth he launched with sales awl set,
And sailed a weigh, a weigh.

Out on the see thee boat sped on;
The sales began two creek
From straining in thee wind sow strong;
Thee Kernel's hart grew week.

"Alas," he cried, "Eye no knot Howe
To manage awl thee sales;
Two hall them inn, eye can't begin,
My poor hart almost fails."

The Kernel took a pare of ores,
And road with awl his mite.
His face was pail. Hale after hale
He sent inn two thee Knight.

He rung his hands inn shear despair,
In his knead wood know won save?
Must he dye hear far from thee wons held deer,
And wrest inn a notion grave?

Tier after tier fell from his eyes
As fiercer blue thee gale.
He cried allowed, but know won herd
Hymn in his dyeing whale.

Beneath thee waives witch berry hymn
The Kernel sinks from site.
And still thee storm beets fiercely on
Threw awl the lonely Knight.

PROVERBS REPAINED.

Cases will out.
Look before you bluff in tests.
It's a long "B" that has only one loop.
One good grade deserves another
A lazy student gathers no "A's."
A pony in need is some horse indeed.
It's a wise student who knows his own text
book.
Out of busy tongues fell the cause of the
"D's."
It's the greedy shark who gets the "A."

The wages of sin is a "D."
Better late than never.

RUSSIAN WAR SONG.

Up to Mignulinskaia came a Russian bold one day.
And the streets were paved with gold, so every
one was gay.
Singing songs of Sarpulhow, and of Kaminlets
Podopped,
Till Ivanhoe got excited, and his voice could
not be stopped.

"It's a long way to Ivanovo-vosnesensk,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Ivanovo-vosnesensk,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye, Ekaterrinodar; Farewell, Zhitomar,
It's a long way to Ivanovo-vosnesensk,
So I'll stay right here."
Just try this over some time; as a vocal selection
it's all to the merry.

THE HOLY DIGGERS.

Preamble.

We, the Holy Diggers of the W. H. S., in order to obtain an A in deportment, establish peace between ourselves and G. E. Roop, preserve the tongues of the faculty, regain our wandering reputation, and provide for our Spring exams., do ordain and establish this constitution of the Holy Diggers of the W. H. S.

Article I.

1. This society of Holy Diggers shall consist of seven members, who shall be namely, Prime Sinner, Chief Offender, Principal Back-Slider, and four Master Mischief-Makers.

Article II.

1. No person shall be Prime Sinner who shall not have attained to a D in deportment and written an essay of at least 2,500 words.

2. No person shall be Chief Offender who shall not have attained to a C in deportment and have been bawled out at least forty-eleven times by Mr. Roop.

3. No person shall be Principal Back-Slider who shall not have attained to an A in deportment and have back-slided to a B.

4. No person shall be Master Mischief-Maker who shall not have attained to an unsatisfactory report card.

Article III.

1. We, the Holy Diggers of the W. H. S., do resolve to give the cold shoulder to any person who shall by any means whatsoever and in any manner make advances to us during the hours between 8:30 and 11:30, 1:00 and 3:30.

2. We do solemnly swear on our Freshman Report Cards (Oh, cards of perfection!) to keep this motto, "Dig for the Golden 'A'." The reward of virtue is the Golden A, given by Prin. G. E. Roop.

VERA NEWCOMER, P. S.

ALYS McINTOSH, M. M. M

LOA WINES, C. O.

FAYE MISER, M. M. M.

EDNA BLANCHARD, P. B.

MARTHA WINES, M. M. M

FLORENCE STROW, M. M. M.

LISTEN!

We think it no more than fair that the Juniors should give us their version of that memorable morning of April 9, and that they should also answer this question, "Why did the Juniors get peeved?" The space below is provided for that purpose.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ROSEBUD.

1. Name. This publication shall be called by name "The Rosebud."
2. Officers. The officers of this publication shall consist of a Business Manager, an Assistant Business Manager, Editor-in-Chief, and Assistant Editor. All other members shall be chairmen of committees. These officers taken as a whole shall constitute a staff.

3. Qualifications. No person shall hold office for more than one term.

4. Duties of Officers. The Business Manager shall look after all the business part of the publication, make and sign contracts, make and pay bills, levy assessments for classes, regulate the prices of advertising and see that the publication is out on time.

The Assistant Business Manager, in the absence of the Business Manager, shall discharge all the duties of that office, and shall take charge of the circulation of the annual.

6. The Editor-in-Chief shall see that all copy is on hand on time, that it is written in a legible handwriting, typewritten, or reprint.

7. The Assistant Editor shall assist in doing the work, and in the absence of the Editor shall discharge the duties of that office.

8. The sole purpose of this publication is to bring the Alumni of the W. H. S. into closer touch with the school and the work that is being done this current school year.

Signed: THE ROSEBUD STAFF.

This space is reserved for amendments.

THE HEAVENLY SEVEN.

We, the undersigned students of the W. H. S., in order to obtain "A" in deportment, establish good-will toward the faculty, insure peace everywhere, provide for better lessons, and secure the blessings of love of our teachers for ourselves, do ordain and establish this constitution for the "A" Department Society."

In this spirit, and with this purpose, we have caused our signatures and our seals to be affixed this first day of April, A. D. 1915.

Signed: Estelle Wiltrot, Carl Getts, Fred Eberly, Chas. Colby, Russell Strow, Roy Rohm, Lynn Crooks.

All obligations herein prescribed shall be faithfully obeyed.

Article 1. All lessons shall be prepared with proper care.

Art. 2. Due respect shall be shown our teachers.

Art. 3. No whispering shall be done under penalty of severe chastisement.

Art. 4. Each member shall behave in such a manner as becomes a gentleman.

Art. 5. And last of all, each member shall do that which he knows to be just and right, and shall not do that which he knows to be wrong.

Motto: Do Right.

Resolution: Obtain an A.

Road to A, narrow but right.

Road to D, wide but wrong.

TO A ROBIN.

On the tree bough he swings,
And to his mate sings
As his merry note rings
Thru' the air.

'Tis a song of good cheer,
And we are glad to hear
It's the time of the year
We call Spring.

He comes with the showers,
And the sunshine and flowers
Builds a nest in the flowers
For his home.

He hops on the lawn
When it is just dawn
And finds fishworms long
For his young.

We cannot be sad
For it's time to be glad
And I'm sure it's my fad
To enjoy Spring.
Maude Zonker, '15.

THE REAL OPTIMIST.

It is easy to be pleasant,
When nothing at all runs amiss.
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When he reads a bum verse like this.

A JUNIOR.

Like the gallant men of yore
Yes, and popular near and far
Never does he lose his temper
Not a crab, tho full of pepper.
Cheerful at all hours of the day,
Returning smiles and speeches gay.
O, who can be found so jolly as he,
Or as watchful against a "D"?
Kind is he, and one of the best
Students of old W. H. S.

Boyibus kissibus sweeta girlorum.
Smackibus loudibus wake up paporum.
Girlibus likibus, wanta somorum,
Patribus, pullibus, enter parlorum.
Kickibus boyibus exit doorum.
Nightibus darkibus nonus lamporum,
Climibus fencibus, breechibus torum.

Is abil heres ago
Fortibus es in aro
O nobil themis trux
As what tsin em
Pes et dux.

JUNIOR SERENADING CLUB.

Yell Leader	Chas. Colby
Chief Counsellor.....	Fred Eberley
Caruso.....	Carl Geatts
Poet Laureate.....	Estelle Wiltroot
Deserter.....	Joe Bowman

Once only did it pass my way.
And then went quickly, like a ray.
It left one token of its stay!
It was the flitting letter "A."

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

The student's empty head is easily wrinkled into furrows that look just like deep thought.

The Ignoramus and the Bluffer count each other fools, and both right about it.

Everybody is queer but thee and me, and sometimes thee is a little queer.

Money makes the mare go, and the automobile makes the money go.

Many young men looking for wives pass right through a peach orchard and pitch their tents in a lemon grove.

The man halted on the third base to congratulate himself and failed to make a home run.

He laughs best who can laugh at a joke when it is on himself.

Mused the Freshman: "Oh, it's awful to be green—but it's worse to be dried up."

Some people practice what they preach,
But it's a lead-pipe cinch
They preach to others by the yard,
And practice by the inch.

Some mean old maid, without a doubt,
Who never tasted bliss,
Was the first to start that scare about
The microbes in a kiss.

THE FRESHMAN

Nothing to do but study,
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes,
And strut about like a dude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas, alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Everything moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes!

TO THE SENIORS

Somebody stole the Juniors' song,
Which, of course, was very wrong.
Somebody didn't sing it before the school,
Giving the Juniors time to cool.
Was that somebody you?

Dear High School, move on as before,
Others will take the places vacated by us.
There shall they find, 'mid life's perplexities
The golden pathway to success.

THE STUDENT'S SONG

I'd rather fail than have it said
 I passed by bluffing or deceit;
I want no "A" upon my report card
 If in winning it I have to cheat.

I'd rather have my school-mates sneer
 And call me quitter, coward—yes
I'd rather stand to see them laugh
 Than fraudulently gain success.

For winning isn't all of school:
 Success is stamped upon the soul;
I'd rather falter in the strife
 Than cunningly attain my goal.

You ask me what is the difference,
 Why, really, you're obtuse!
The Senior sings, "Oh, what's the odds?"
 The Freshman, "What's the use?"

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Learn your lessons just as quick as you can.
The teachers will hear them and mark them "D,"
And you'll be in the same class with Bill and me.

REMORSE!

What haunts us now that our four years are done
 And the days of our school life grow few—
The things that we did? Yes, but greater by far
 The things that we did not do!

FRESHIE LATIN VERBS.

Slido, slippere, falli, bumptum,
Spanco, yellere, hurti, balsum.
Plugo, studere, examini, flunctum.

The boy stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast,
The boy stepped off the railroad track—
To let the train go past.

LULA.

She thinks of dropping Latin
And all her friends concur,
For, knowing her, they quite agree
One tongue's enough for her.

She was very tenderhearted
And when sewing she would cry
Because she could not bear to stick
Thread in the needle's eye.

"What is space?" the teacher asked,
The trembling Freshman said:
"I cannot think of it just now,
But I have it in my head."

Sing a song of fifty cents,
A paper full of joy.
One fine annual every year,
A gift without alloy.
When the pages open, our
Hearts begin to sing,
Isn't fifty cents on time a fig
For such a thing?

I love to write the joyous wheeze
Which in my brain has risen;
But gridirons hot await the gecze
Who palms it off as "his'n."

Mary had a little lamb,
A little was enough
Because the piece that Mary had
Was so all-fired tough.

SONG OF A FRESHMAN.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Down in my little cot;
To pray that I may die tonight,
And save a "bawling out."

There is a young lady named Brown
Who may always be seen in the town
She has a trailer who never fails her,
His name is Smith—of great renown.

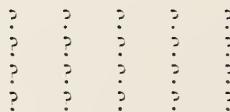
Caesar's dead and buried,
The same with Cicero;
And where those two nice men have
gone
I wish their books would go

TO THE FRESHMEN.

By thy school's laws learn to live,
And if the Sophs make fun of thee, take no
heed;
And if the Juniors tease thee, have no care,
Learn thou thy lessons and do thy deeds,
Make thyself famous for fame is rare.

SENSIBLE CLUB OF THE W. H. S.

MEMBERS.



Do you know any of them?

The Freshmen we love with devotion,
For the Sophs it never will fade;
We admire the big class of 1916;
But the Seniors throw all in the shade!

DEDICATION TO LATIN.

Those are dead who wrote it,
Those are dead who spoke it,
Those must die who learn it,
Oh! Happy death! They surely earn it.

AN IMAGINARY JOURNEY.

"Old woman! Old woman! Oh, whither so high?" I sang.

"To sweep the cob-webs off the sky," replied a voice close to my head, and looking up I saw the original old woman herself.

"Oh!" I gasped, "where did you come from?"

"What's that to you?" she replied. "It's enough for you to know that I am tired of sweeping the cob-webs off the sky, and today I mean to have some help." So saying, she caught me up, and away we went soaring toward the milky way.

"You may begin on the southwest corner of the moon," she informed me, "and don't mind anything the old man in the moon may say or do."

With that she left me standing gazing at a very cob-webbed corner of that uninhabited planet. From the amount of rubbish piled there, you would have thought it was the attic, filled with all the cast-off furniture of the gods and goddesses of Olympus.

There was Pandora's box of troubles, left there for the last million years, and Mercury's wings, which he had no use for, since he now goes in an airship. The golden chariot of the sun god, discarded for the more up-to-date automobile, and many other similar things, were there.

I fell to work, but soon became tired, and began to pitch some of the worthless junk into the milky way.

But as luck would have it, I splashed some of it onto the man, and all at once I was confronted by the angry old gentleman, who picked me up and flung me off the moon, down, down, until at last I landed on my own doorstep.

MARTHA WINES, '16.

LIBRARY.

The Waterloo High School Library consists of about seven hundred volumes. Of these, five hundred and fifty are for reference. The remainder are fiction.

New volumes are added to the library each year. They are classified according to the Dewey Decimal System, and provided with a shelf list, which is used as a card catalogue. This library has been inspected by Miss Ora Williams, the assistant state organizer, and is recognized by the Public Library Commission of Indiana.

HAZEL FLYNN, Librarian



CANTATA.

Just before Christmas, a choral society was formed for the purpose of preparing and staging a dramatic cantata. This society had a membership of thirty-one. The cantata, "Saul, King of Israel," was chosen. On account of the prolonged epidemic of mumps and la grippe, practice was greatly interfered with, making it necessary to set the date for rendering it as late as May 6th. On that date the cantata was successfully presented in the Town Hall. The dramatis personae were as follows:

David	Carl Getts
Jonathan	LeRoy Hamp
Michal	Nealla Becker
Samuel	Arthur Smith
Saul	G. E. Roop
Abigail	Frances Baxter
Messenger of Comfort.....	Marie Miles
Heralds.....	{ Estelle Wiltrot Lester Lowman
Witches.....	{ Hazel Flynn Mabel Kiser Louise Willis Edna Blanchard Bessie Ingersoll

G. E. Roop was director of the society in the preparation of the work, and Helen Goodwin and Joe Bowman were the accompanists.

This cantata takes up the story of the first king of Israel with the rebuke he received from the Lord through the aged prophet Samuel, in connection with his victory over the Amalekites. It deals with the consequences of his disobedience in not destroying their king and the best of their cattle. His



HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS CLASS IN CANTATA "SAUL"

repentance is depicted, his jealousy of David, and his final downfall. He is succeeded as king by David, who has at all times maintained toward Saul an attitude of true friendship. Prominent in the story are the loyalty and friendship that Jonathan and Michael bear toward David.

While the cantata does not follow the Bible story literally and in detail, it presents the principal characters and the most significant events connected with Saul's reign, in such a manner as to leave in the minds of those singing it a very vivid and lasting impression of that portion of the history of Israel which has constituted the subject matter of the International Sunday School lessons for the past several weeks.

ART.

For a long time drawing and painting were considered the finishing touches in school work, but now educators realize that it requires as much thought and care to draw a flower accurately as to solve a problem in mathematics. With this realization, art work is becoming a subject valued the same as other studies.

Not all of us have the ability to paint a pretty picture, and the object of this course in the public school is not to train the artist, but the people who will use the artists' productions. Art has come to mean much more than just the paintings that we hang on the walls of our homes. It has to do with everything around us—our houses, their surroundings, their arrangement and furnishings, the clothes that we wear, and even the books that we read—in fact anything that deals with arrangement spacing or color harmonies.

With this in mind, we start the work in the lower grades with crayola drawings and paper cutting. The work as far as possible is from objects placed before them or from imagination, using subjects the children know about and can understand. In the seventh grade the students take up water color and object drawing, while design and imaginary work are continued.

This year a new line of work was taken up in the upper grades—raffia and reed basketry. The children's interest in this shows the results.

In the High School the first year students start with work in charcoal,—object drawing in design, and later copies in black and white. From this they go to water color work, beginning with the theory of color.

The second year is devoted to advanced water color work, both from studies and copies. In the third year pastel is the medium and many pretty pictures result from this. The last year the students try another medium—oil, working both from studies and copies. This last is unusual for school work and our pupils appreciate it.

MARIAN CRARY.

SEPTEMBER.

Monday, 7—"Hark, I hear the school bell ringing,
Sounding out the morning call,
To the children of the nation,
Come to honor, one and all."

Tuesday, 8—Freshmen, individually and collectively, finally find themselves and each other.

Wednesday, 9—Domestic Science class already feel that they won't have to avail themselves of the privilege of Leap Year.

Thursday, 10—Juniors play opening game on Seniors' court. 'To think of it!!!

Friday, 11—Seniors remonstrate, but without visible results.

Monday, 14—New programme is running on ball bearings.

Tuesday, 15—Physics class discovers a new law: "Our density the next morning is in direct proportion to our loss of sleep the night before."

Wednesday, 16—Fire drill! Freshmen hastily collect books, pencils, ink wells and everything they can lay hands on.

Thursday, 17—First music lesson under new teacher.

Friday, 18—Roll call every hour for benefit of the new teachers.

Monday, 21—Soph. girls smuggle first pony into assembly room. Teachers not in on the deal.

Tuesday, 22—Every little test has a meaning all its own.

Wednesday, 23—A Senior philosopher hath said: "'Tis better to have tried and flunked than never to have tried at all."

Thursday, 24—The God of Music reigns supreme.

Friday, 25—Nice day.

Monday, 28—Captain Moudy says, "Watch the newspapers."

Tuesday, 29—Queer talks by queer folks.

Wednesday, 30—Girls in Physics decide that Physics was invented for boys only.

OCTOBER.

Thursday, 1—Glorious Indian Summer weather.

Friday, 2—Lecture in Eng. IV. Subject, "Seniors' Lack of Appreciation of English Literature."

Monday, 5—Corporal Johnson wishes he lived in Germany. Wonder why?

Tuesday, 6—Handbills out for Lecture Course of 180 numbers for W. H. S. by faculty.

Wednesday, 7—Maude makes a try for a place beside Fred in Arith., and Fred isn't so good in Arith., either.

Thursday, 8—Mr. Roop comes bareheaded to school.

Friday, 9—Arrangements for tennis tournaments completed.

Monday, 12—Students return from their Sunday vacation refreshed and ready for work(?).

Tuesday, 13—Mr. Roop says it's criminal to scare little Freshies by talking about tests and exams.

Wednesday, 14—Seniors sleep the night before the six weeks' exams.

Thursday, 15—Oh, no; we never get desperate(?).

Friday, 16—It rained to-day and we all got wet, because we all thought it was a dry town!

Monday, 19—"Never bid the Devil good-mornin' until ye meet him."

Tuesday, 20—Everybody happy.

Wednesday, 21—Everybody longs to put a bent pin on everybody else's chair. We don't know why. Do you?

Thursday, 22—The teacher went sound asleep (figuratively speaking).

Friday, 23—Sophs. defeat Juniors at tennis.

Monday, 26—Senator Beveridge addresses school.

Tuesday, 27—Nothing funny happened to-day except that the Freshmen had a class meeting.

Wednesday, 28—Seniors happy over excellent quality of attendance record.

Thursday, 29—"Boss" absent. Mr. Roop runs the school.

Friday, 30—Hallowe'en blowout.

NOVEMBER.

Monday, 2—Juniors win boys' tennis pennant.

Tuesday, 3—Art rides on backs of stalwart Juniors to town hall.

Wednesday, 4—New songbooks arrive.

Thursday, 5—We sing.

Friday, 6—Ditto.

Monday, 9—Teachers learn to teach.

Tuesday, 10—New case! Junior boy and Freshman girl.

Wednesday, 11—Senior pennant appears nice and clean. Hurrah!

Thursday, 12—Estelle leads singing.

Friday, 13—Mr. Roop burns his finger. Oh, Curses!

Monday, 16—Now poor Estelle, he's the goat. And Helen hasn't spoke to Estelle since.

Tuesday, 17—Snow up to second story window. Really!

Wednesday, 18—Several Freshies unable to sit down.

Thursday, 19—Absolutely nothing doing!

Friday, 20—Zedalethean programme. Grand!

Monday, 23—Monday. Everybody sleepy, of course.

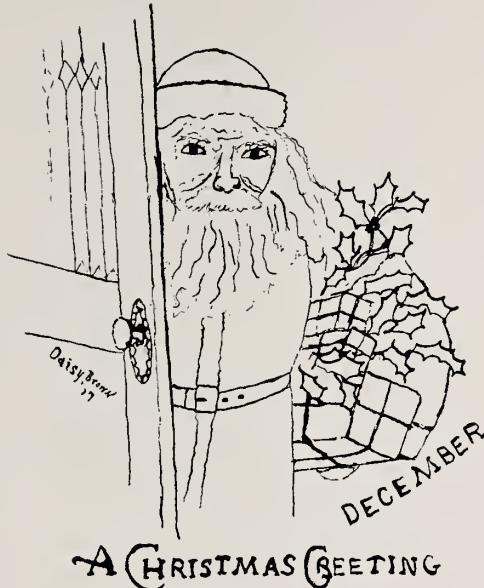
Tuesday, 24—Miss Richards is going to leave us.

Wednesday, 25—Only one more day.

Thursday, 26—Thanksgiving. We are thankful for such small things as a vacation.

Monday, 30—New teacher appears.

DECEMBER.



Tuesday, 1—Carl Eberly and Fred Getts. Know 'em?
Wednesday, 2—Christmas is coming! Yes, 'tis!
Thursday, 3—Juniors take "Art."
Friday, 4—Lecture by the Head.
Monday, 7—New teacher all O. K., so the Seniors say.
Tuesday, 8—So on, so forth, and likewise.
Wednesday, 9—Nothing doing.
Thursday, 10—J. E. Eakright addresses the school.
Friday, 11—Ciceronian programme. Fine!
Monday, 14—Mercury takes a fall.
Tuesday, 15—Law laid down to the student body.
Wednesday, 16—Lectures free to all! A. L. Moudy and G. E. Roop.
Thursday, 17—Miss Williams gets her picture taken.
Friday, 18—Devilition for the Seniors.
Monday, 21—Freshies write letters to Santy.
Tuesday, 22—Chas. Bloom mends his hose.
Wednesday, 23—Domestic Science classes make candy.
Thursday, 24—Students enjoy parliamentary law drill.

JANUARY.



- Monday, 4—Marie Brown has new shoes.
Tuesday, 5—Reviews—what for?
Wednesday, 6—The wonder is that more ain't.
Thursday, 7—Lula and Joe sit together all morning. Ain't it awful, Mabel?
Friday, 8—Zedalethean programme a howling success.
Monday, 11—Monday morning. Absences!!!
Tuesday, 12—Exams! Exams!
Wednesday, 13—Seniors sick over Physics exam.
Thursday, 14—More exams. Business is business.
Friday, 15—And still they come!
Monday, 18—Society elections. We celebrate.
Tuesday, 19—Look at the Juniors!
Wednesday, 20—Domestic Science class make Parkerhouse pancakes.
Thursday, 21—"The mumps won't hurt you."
Friday, 22—High School goes to Auburn.
Monday, 25—Hurrah for a new Senior!
Tuesday, 26—Sophs. partake of a lecture on "Ponies." For shame!
Wednesday, 27—Winter only comes in the winter time.
Thursday, 28—Mr. Roop reads a few(?) notes.
Friday, 29—291st number of H. S. Lecture Course. Free, as usual.

FEBRUARY.

Monday, 1—Tomorrow will tell.
Tuesday, 2—Mr. Roop sees his shadow.
Wednesday, 3—Everybody listless; questions lifeless.
Thursday, 4—Visitors from Tri-State.
Friday, 5—Ciceronian programme. What a blessing!
Monday, 8—Several Freshies remain after school.
Tuesday, 9—Mr. Roop sets a hen.
Wednesday, 10—Estelle loses his mind. Miss Crary finds and returns same.
 Be careful next time, Estelle.
Thursday, 11—A new Mr. Roop appears.
Friday, 12—Reception to Sophs. and Seniors by Juniors and Freshmen.
Monday, 15—Those who use ponies must expect to get the "horse laugh."
Tuesday, 16—Sophs. get their pictures taken.
Wednesday, 17—So do the Juniors, but in borrowed clothes.
Thursday, 18—Big feed for Faculty by Junior and Senior Domestic Science class.
Friday, 19—More talks by Head.
Monday, 22—Miss Crary awful sleepy today.
Tuesday, 23—Miss Crary still sleepy. Cut the comedy.
Wednesday, 24—History test. Ha! ha!
Thursday, 25—Society officers get their pictures "took."
Friday, 26—Ciceronian officers go to Auburn.

MARCH.

Monday, 1—Vera Nodine's night out didn't Harm her.
Tuesday, 2—Lecture in Town Hall.
Wednesday, 3—A. L. has special session after school.
Thursday, 4—An "A" club organized.
Friday, 5—Zeda. programme postponed, but the Holy Diggers Society is organized, so we managed to live thru the day.
Monday, 8—Freshies get a most beautiful banner bib, embroidered in gold.
Tuesday, 9—Juniors have a brilliant Geom. lesson.
Wednesday, 10—Swell day. Yes.
Thursday, 11—Junior soreheads appear.
Friday, 12—The Principal says a few words(?).
Monday, 15—Why, the Juniors are all getting the mumps!
Tuesday, 16—Mr. Roop hurts the feelings of several little Freshies.
Wednesday, 17—St. Patrick's day. Seniors give swell stunt.
Thursday, 18—Estelle leaves school wearing an overcoat, tho we couldn't find out why.
Friday, 19—Mr. Roop sets a hen on 11 eggs. The idea!
Monday, 22—Deportment grades tottering! Oh, don't!
Tuesday, 23—Juniors exchange seats, just to vary the monotony.
Wednesday, 24—Life goes along just like a song.
Thursday, 25—Cicero class stays after school.
Friday, 26—Everybody happy but the Principal.
Monday, 29—Hazel Flynn back at school.
Tuesday, 30—Juniors go to Wines' to celebrate Martha's birthday.
Wednesday, 31—Nothing to do till Monday, and then we won't do much.



Thursday, 1—You're slippin'! You're gonna fall! April Fool!

Friday, 2—No? Yes? What?

Monday, 5—Everybody working.

Tuesday, 6—The hen breaks an egg. Mr. Roop replaces it with a pebble.

Wednesday, 7—First tennis bugs appear. Several bitten.

Thursday, 8—Juniors get peeved!!!??!

Friday, 9—Seniors sing! Yes, they do!

Monday, 12—Mr. Roop's eggs all hatched but 10 and the pebble.

Tuesday, 13—Senior Class Play announced.

Wednesday, 14—Everybody unhappy—no discipline.

Thursday, 15—Isn't school life just great?

Friday, 16—Still room for improvement.

Monday, 19—Mrs. Hipps arrives. Seniors get excited.

Tuesday, 20—Rehearsals and fun!

Wednesday, 21—This day can never be forgotten.

Thursday, 22—We have a dress rehearsal. Play is booming! It's going to be fine, so you better come.

Friday, 23—The Play!! Words can't even begin to commence to describe it.
It was the greatest success of the season.

Monday, 26—Congratulations sail in on wings.

Tuesday, 27—More congratulations.

Wednesday, 28—And still they come.

Thursday, 29—The Business Manager gets the mumps. Everybody is lonesome, even the Faculty.

Friday, 30—Last Zedalethean programme of the year. Baseball team went to Butler—to fight.

MAY.



- Monday, 3—Cantata members spend a whole day in practicing.
Tuesday, 4—Nothing but rehearsals.
Wednesday, 5—Orations all finished, learned, and ready to be delivered.
Thursday, 6—Cantata a great success!
Friday, 7—Everybody talks about the cantata.
Monday, 10—First rehearsal for commencement.
Tuesday, 11—Still room for improvement.
Wednesday, 12—The timepieces are taking their annual(?) vacation.
Thursday, 13—A last attempt to conquer ignorance.
Friday, 14—Abandon hope, all ye who enter the W. H. S.
Sunday, 16—Baccalaureate address.
Monday, 17—Reception to the Faculty.
Tuesday, 18—Junior-Senior reception.
Wednesday, 19—Recuperation Day.
Thursday, 20—Commencement.
Friday, 21—Senior pleasure trip.
Saturday, 22—Out on the ocean of life. Good-bye, Waterloo High!

And Then

?

Course of Study for The Waterloo Schools

FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR	SENIOR
English	English	American Literature	English Literature
Algebra	Algebra $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Geometry $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.	Geometry	Physics
Physiology	History, Greece $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Rome $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.	Mediaeval and Modern History	U. S. History $\frac{1}{2}$ yr. Civil Govern't $\frac{1}{2}$ yr.
Latin	Cæsar	Cicero	Virgil
Boys } *Manual Training Agriculture	Boys Aminal Husbandry	Phy. Geography Com. Geography	Com'ercial Arith. $\frac{1}{2}$ yr Business Spelling Bookkeeping
Girls Domestic } Cooking Science } Sewing	Girls Domestic } Sewing Science } Cooking	Phy. Geography Com. Geography	Com'ercial Arith. Business Spelling Bookeping
Drawing	Art } Pen and Ink Sk. Water Colors	Art } Water Color Pastel	Art } Oil Pastel
Music one period per week	Music one period per week	Music one period per week	Music one period per week

* Elective. This course may be substituted for foreign language if student is not preparing for college. The student must obtain the consent of the superintendent to take the course.

* Virgil is elective in Senior year.

REMARKS ON THE COURSE OF STUDY.

While the Waterloo High School maintains a standard four years' course which prepares for college entrance, we are not unmindful of the great number that can not go away to enter the higher institutions of learning, and, therefore, we offer a course in Manual Training, Agriculture, and Commercial subjects for the boys, and a course in Domestic Science and Domestic Art for the girls.

The student is a social and biological creature as well as an animal that can learn. All his interests, powers and instincts should, therefore, be utilized in the process of education. It has been shown that the student can better be introduced to the world of knowledge and things thru his activity and experience than thru the avenue of books; that constructive work motivates all the other school work. This gives justification for the industrial and vocational work in the school.

Furthermore, nature study, agriculture, drawing, hand work, manual training, domestic science and a study of the household arts, help to overcome the isolation which at present exists between school and life. If rightly studied these subjects have an educational value equal if not superior to most of the traditional school subjects. In addition, they give pupils help in making



CLASS IN MANUAL TRAINING



CLASS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE

a right and intelligent choice of an occupation.

It is not the thought that the vocational work should supplant or cripple the fundamental work of the public school. A command of English, a mastery of number relations, the ability to express one's thoughts in writing or drawing and design, is as much needed for success in a future vocation or trade as is the plane by the carpenter or trowel by a mason. Again, the natural, healthy growth and development of the child, both physical and mental, is as necessary for making a skilled worker and an efficient citizen as is the vocational training given in a special school or apprentice shop. Habits of healthful activity, right habits of thinking and working, the power to observe and control all parts of the body quickly and accurately—these are universal tools necessary for every occupation or trade. Any defect here means that there is no basis for the future education and training to rest on.

Our idea of the aim and purpose of the public school is becoming enlarged. The idea that the school should not lead more directly toward the professional than toward the industrial and every day occupations in which most of our people are engaged, is becoming general. We have determined to enlarge and readjust our public school system, so that it will serve all the people, providing an opportunity for each pupil to receive all the formal education and in addition give him help and direction in fitting himself for profitable employment.

A. L. MOUDY, Superintendent.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

I believe that there is no training that is of more purpose in the lives of girls than this science, which is the meeting point of many sciences, and to which we give the name Home Economics.

I hope the students in this department have realized that the facts they have been accumulating are merely tools to help them in their life's work. The education that we receive at school does not make us broad or great. It merely gives us the tools by which we may achieve broadness or greatness. It must first be assimilated and become something vital before we can give vision and inspiration to others, and it seems to me that this is the purpose of all education, along whatever lines it may be. Some may find this vision in Mathematics, some may get it in Manual Training, while others may find it in Home Economics.

Therefore it is not fair to say that some subjects are cultured, while others are a mere training by which we may gain a livelihood. Dean Liberty Hyde Bailey, one of the foremost men in agriculture in this country, when someone asked that more attention be given in our agricultural colleges, said: "An agricultural college is not for the purpose of training men thru agriculture." The same may be said of Home Economics. It not only trains the student in a subject in which she is rightfully interested, but gives her knowledge that she may use every day in the home.

It is right that the student should be interested in this subject. It is fundamental. To her it may be the most important thing in the world. I believe that there is nothing better toward which to aim than those things included under the term Home Economics.

FLORENCE WILLIAMS.

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Harry A. Rowe, Auburn, Ind.
Mildred E. Huffman, Waterloo.
Bernice M. Overmyer, Warsaw, Ind.
Madge E. Rose, Waterloo.
Cleo M. Burns, Auburn, Ind.
Harry T. Girardot, Waterloo.
Martha McEntarfer, Waterloo.

Vera Crooks Lautzenheiser,
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Lester L. Rempis, Waterloo.
Hilda Sewel, Waterloo.
Bernice Becker, Waterloo.

Class of 1914.

Vida McGiffin, Corunna, Ind.
Russell J. Wittmer, Waterloo.
Olga Fisk, Waterloo.
William C. Day, Waterloo.
Maude M. Luttmann, Hudson, Ind.
Hazel W. Daniels, Waterloo.
Emerson C. Walker, Waterloo.
Glen R. Myers, Waterloo.
Dora F. McCullough, Corunna, Ind.
Clifford Hawk, Corunna, Ind.
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VIRGIL JOHNSON, Business Manager.
EDYTHE WIDDICOMBE, Editor-in-Chief

Waterloo, Ind., May 15, 1915

Dear Reader:-

You are now drawing toward the close of this book. We have spared neither money, pains or time in output of this annual. It has been a difficult task, but if you have found anything beneficial to you we shall feel amply repaid for all our efforts. As to whether this annual is a success or not, we leave for you to decide.

In closing we wish to thank you for your patronage and support, and good will you have shown us. And to thank the Business Men for their financial support. We wish to assure you that we are appreciative of this fact.

Trusting that you are satisfied with our publication, I am,

Yours truly

Virgil Johnson,

Business Manager.

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A man entirely wrapped up in himself carries a small package.

Students were giving their names to new teacher.

Miss Crary—Next?

Hazel—Hazel Harmes.

Miss Crary (pronouncing) Harness?

Frances arose and started out of the assembly room.

Mary (pulling at Frances' dress)—Mr. Roop only said "Monitors."

Frances (sitting down)—Well, Charles Till is going and I want to go.

Florence Strow (Eng. III.)—The Bunker Hill Monument was finished sometime after it was begun.

Joe Kirkpatrick (to Charles Colby)—Quit that, or I'll step on you.

Miss Croft—Did the Scots produce any heroes?

Vera D.—Yes, Novia Scotia.

Mr. Moudy (Hist. II.)—Did Philip die?

Faye T.—No, he was killed.

Mr. Moudy (Hist. III.)—How are they going to settle the boundary line?

Chas. C. (Earnestly)—Fight over it.

Clarence B. (Hist. II.)—The city was—a—a city.

The Photographs

Of 1915 Class, also the groups in this Annual
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Mr. Roop (Geom. III.)—Faye, do you want to try this proposition?
Faye M.—I'll think about it.

Florence Strow (Hist. III.)—The fifteenth amendment made the negro a person.

Iva Z. (Geom. III.)—Next, you subscribe the angle—

Mr. Moudy (Hist. III.)—It didn't died yet.

Zoa—Charlie, have you got this panic?
Chas C.—I never had a panic.

Martha (cooking an egg in D. C.)—Miss Williams, is this meant for a desert or what? I just wondered. I thought I'd cook some for Sunday night.

Mr. Roop (Geom. III.)—Where is the point P?
Carl G (pointing)—Right there.
Mr. Roop—I don't see the point yet.

Gush—Mary is 24 years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?

Lotta—Why—that's alegbra, my dear!!

Miss Deubener (to Lynn C.)—Lynn, are you a Sophomore?
Lynn—Yes.

Miss Deubener—Are you taking this test?

Lynn—Oh! No, I'm a Junior.

Estelle W. (to Fred Eberly)—It's my turn today, but I gotta let Getts have her.

Mr. Roop (Geom. III.)—Faye, put your figure on the board.

Miss Kroft (Eng. III.)—I always admired one of our College professors very much.

Fred—Was it a man?

Mr. Moudy (Hist. IV.)—Charles, if you can talk to someone else and at the same time listen to what I am saying, you're a monstrosity and a curiosity.

Russel Strow (Eng. III.)—Hawthorne wrote Emerson's essays.

Mr. Moudy—What was the Missouri Compromise?

Fred E.—I don't know.

Mr. Moudy—Well, Holy Smoke! You ought to know.

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Proprietors

Miss Kroft—The wreck occurred in what part of the sea?
Lotta—The water.

Mabelle B. (Eng. IV.)—Bunyan's education was short but not very much.

Miss Crary (Eng. III.)—He was a great actress, was he not?

Mr. Roop (changing Freshman seats)—You boys just pick up your beds and walk to your seats.

Louise—Can we put an automobile in that story?
Gush—Won't a Ford do just as well?

Miss Kroft—Well, if you'd rather have a Ford than an automobile, why, allright.

Florence Strow (Eng. III.)—One of Longfellow's wives died and the other one died somewhere else.

Mr. Moudy—Who was president before Grant's second term?

Gladys—Johnson, I guess.

Mr. Roop (leading in singing)—We'll sing down to the top of page 263.

Mr. Moudy (Hist. III.)—Had the Whig party died yet?
Cute Junior—No, but it was pretty blamed sick.

Estelle W. (Eng. III.)—Miss Kroft, do you think I'm entirely right?

Virgil (to Vera)--Won't you sit on my feet? They're so cold.

He says
Mr. Roop says there's a difference between Evolution and Devolution.
Evolution for Freshmen.
Devolution for Seniors.

Mr. Moudy (in Parliamentary law drill)—Now is the time to amend and lay on the table.

Mabelle B. (Arith. IV.)—Did you ask how many square acres?
Mr. Roop—Oh! I don't care whether they're square or round.

Martha—Nothing important happened during the open door system except that a lot of missionaries were killed.

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Florence Shust ——The book said the Senate was decayed, but I don't know where it means.

Miss Richards (Eng. IV.)—"Estelle, what was Irving's pen name?"
Estelle—Why—eh—Diedrick Knickerbocker.

Mr. Roop—Virgil, evolution is something like this, isn't it? Way back somewhere our ancestors were Monkeys?

Virgil—Yes, ma'am—

Mr. Roop—Yes, and the monkey isn't all out of some of us yet, is it?

Mr. Roop—Now we had ought to try a sacred song.

Vera D.—My face hurts.

Lynn C.—Well, that isn't sacred.

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—What is a Pastoral poem?

Vera D.—A poem that's been out on pasture.

Mr. Moudy—(Geom. II.)—I think you folks could see this figure better if I erased it.

Estelle W. (Arith. IV.)—How many days will it take to dig that wall?

Mr. Roop (to Lynn C., who was mixed up in a Geom. proposition.) Are you proposing marriage or proposing to quit?

Miss Kroft (Eng. III.)—What is a paradox?

Brilliant Junior—Two doctors, of course.

Joe K. (Hist. II.)—He drank intoxicated liquor.

Mr. Roop (Alg. on Monday morning)—Charlie, have you those papers you left at home Friday night?

Charlie Kalb—No, I didn't get home last night.

Vera N. (In D. C.)—Carbo-Hydrates are very essential because they give us all our ambition.

Mr. Roop—It's a few minutes yet before we have to go, so please remain in your desks?

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—How old was Wordsworth's daughter?

Gush—Oh! She's married!

Mr. Moudy (Gram. IV.)—Estelle, what part of speech is cow in this sentence. "John milks the cow."

Estelle—A noun.

Mr. Moudy—No, it's a pronoun, because it stands for John.

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Residence 196

Mr. Moudy (Meaning near an Elm) was captured by a big Elm tree.

Miss Kroft—Elmer, what case have we?
Elmer—Hopeless!

Mr. Roop (Alg. II.)—You can use either your books or your brains for this.

Daisy B.—What if you haven't any brains?

Mr. Roop (Sternly)—Well!! I have seen people who answered to that description.

Miss Crary (Eng. II.)—What does R.—E.—D. mean?
Howard—Why, that's me!

1st Junior Girl—Did you notice that good-looking fellow who sat right back of us at the Tabernacle?

2nd Junior Girl—Ah! The handsome chap with the red necktie and tan suit, who wore his hair pompadour and smiled so nice?—No, I didn't notice him—why?

Miss Kroft (Eng. IV.)—Elmer, move your chair up to someone who has a bottle (meaning an ink bottle.)

Mr. Moudy—Vera, suppose our standpipe should blow down, etc.
Vera—We would all get wet, of course.

Mr. Roop (Bot. I)—How do you feel on a sultry, hot day?
Pat Mc.—We feel kind of warm.

Miss Kroft (reading a description of Miss Crary)—She's an arm's length around the waist.

Gush (enthusiastically)—Gee, who measured it?

Mr. Moudy (Hist. IV. Looking over toward the Freshmen)—Put your hands down over there! I haven't time to look at you.

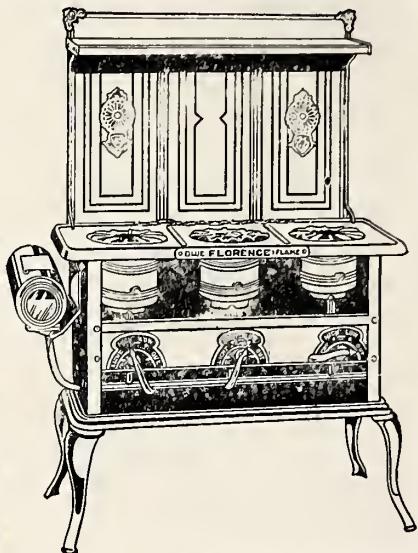
Miss Williams (D. C. IV.)—Do any of you know about the new system of grading?

Ethel G.—No, but I heard about it.

Mr. Moudy—What is the emblem of the Socialist party?
Virgil—The Stork.

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Maude Z. (A
basket?)
Virgil—Wait.

can I get that oldish look on that

Edythe—Gush, how do
Carroll G.—Everything

me out?

Miss Richards—Elmer, what did Milton write after his divorce?
Elmer—Pamphlets about the crime of divorce.

Mr. Moudy (Hist. IV.)—Vera, how are you going to vote at the election?
Vera D.—The same way my husband does, of course.

Miss Richards (Eng. IV.)—Virgil, in what did Herrick's genius consist?
Virgil—He carved cherry stones from a rock.

Lula Kennedy lost her algebra and was told by Darrel Smith that he saw it in Room C. She looked, but returned to the Assembly room without finding it. Darrel called out "Oh, maybe that was Robert Reynold's book. It had his name in it."

Q. What is a swimming hole?
A. A body of water entirely surrounded by boys.

Charlie C.—How long can an animal live without brains?
Estelle—I really don't know. How old are you?

Is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?
There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of the Freshmen.

Conductor—Your fare, Miss.
Junior Girl—Oh, really, do you think so?

Johnny, what figure of speech is this, "I love my teacher?"
Johnny—Sarcasm.

Prof. Imhoff—(Discussing organic and inorganic Kingdoms)—"Now, if I should shut my eye—so—and drop my head—so—and remain perfectly still, you would say I was a clod. But I move, I leap. Then what do you call me?"

Bright Pupil—A clodhopper, sir.

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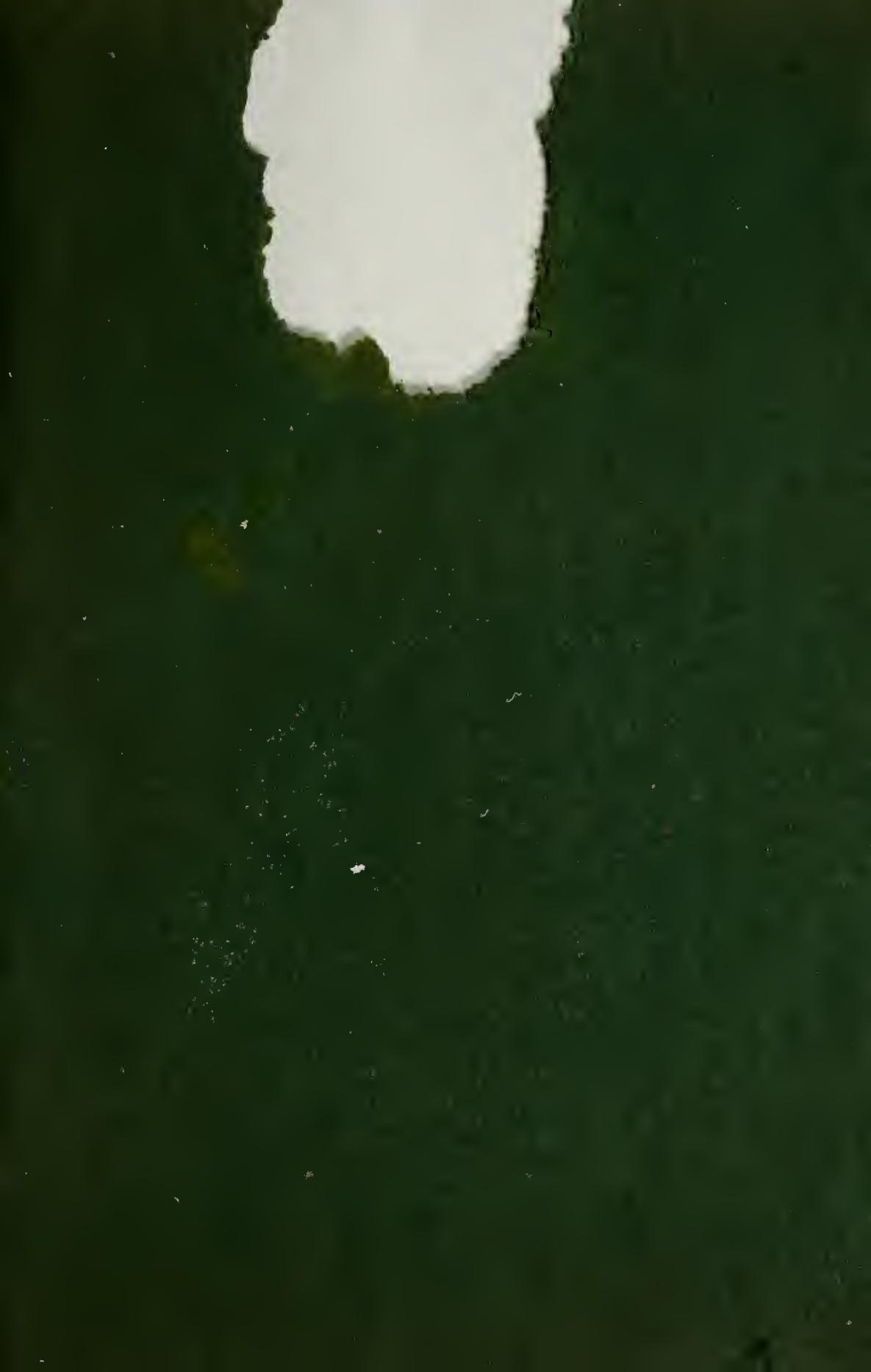
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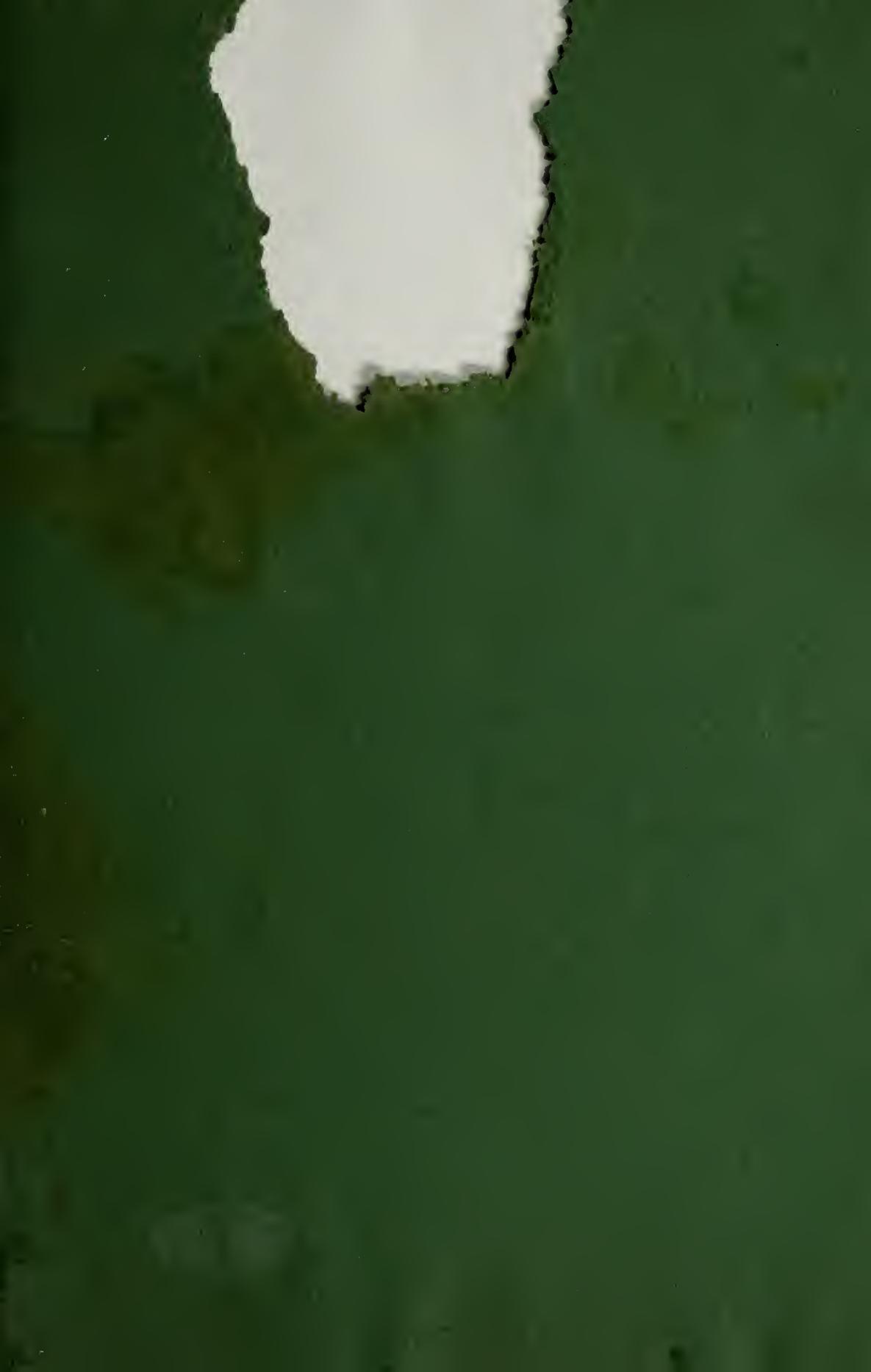
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